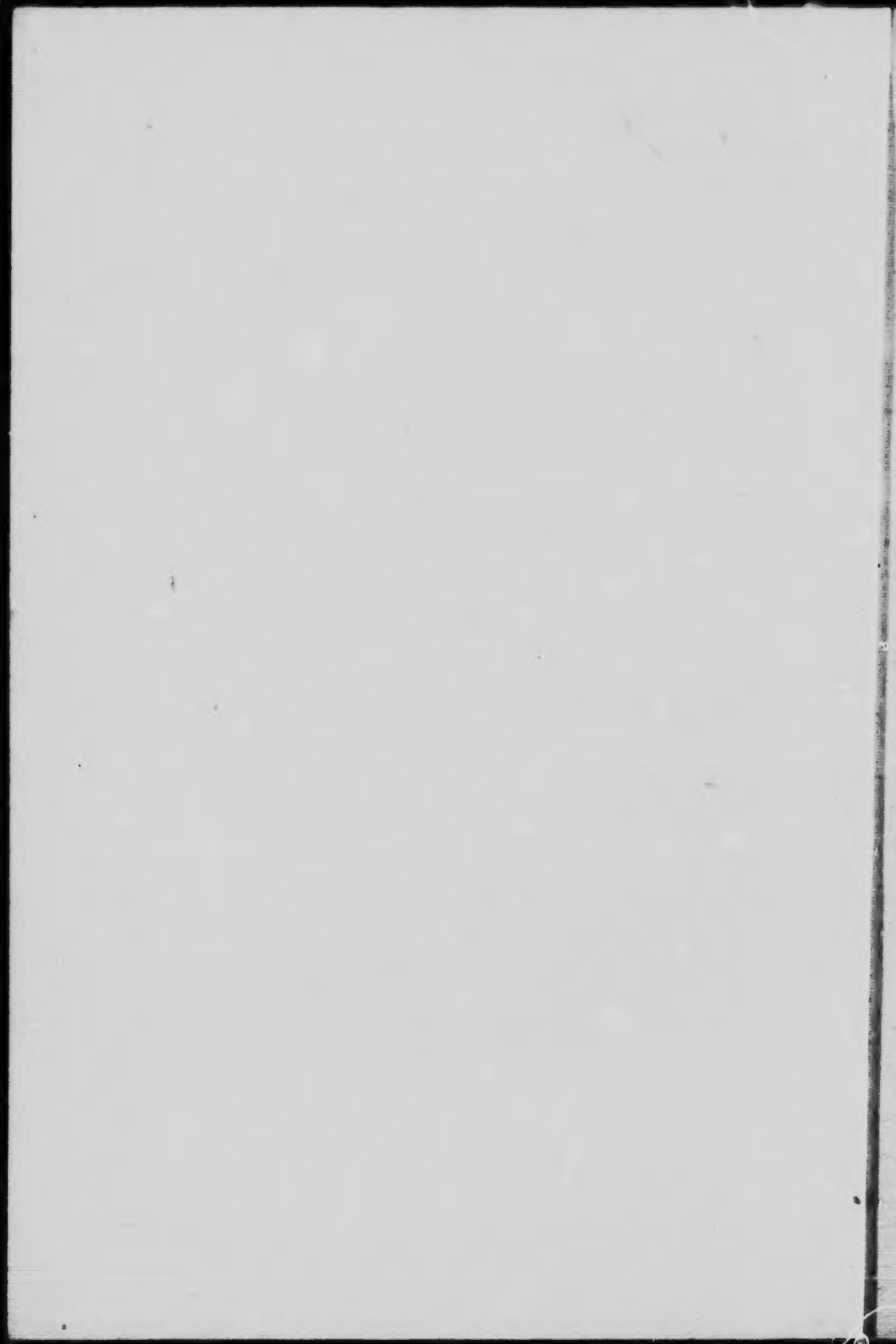


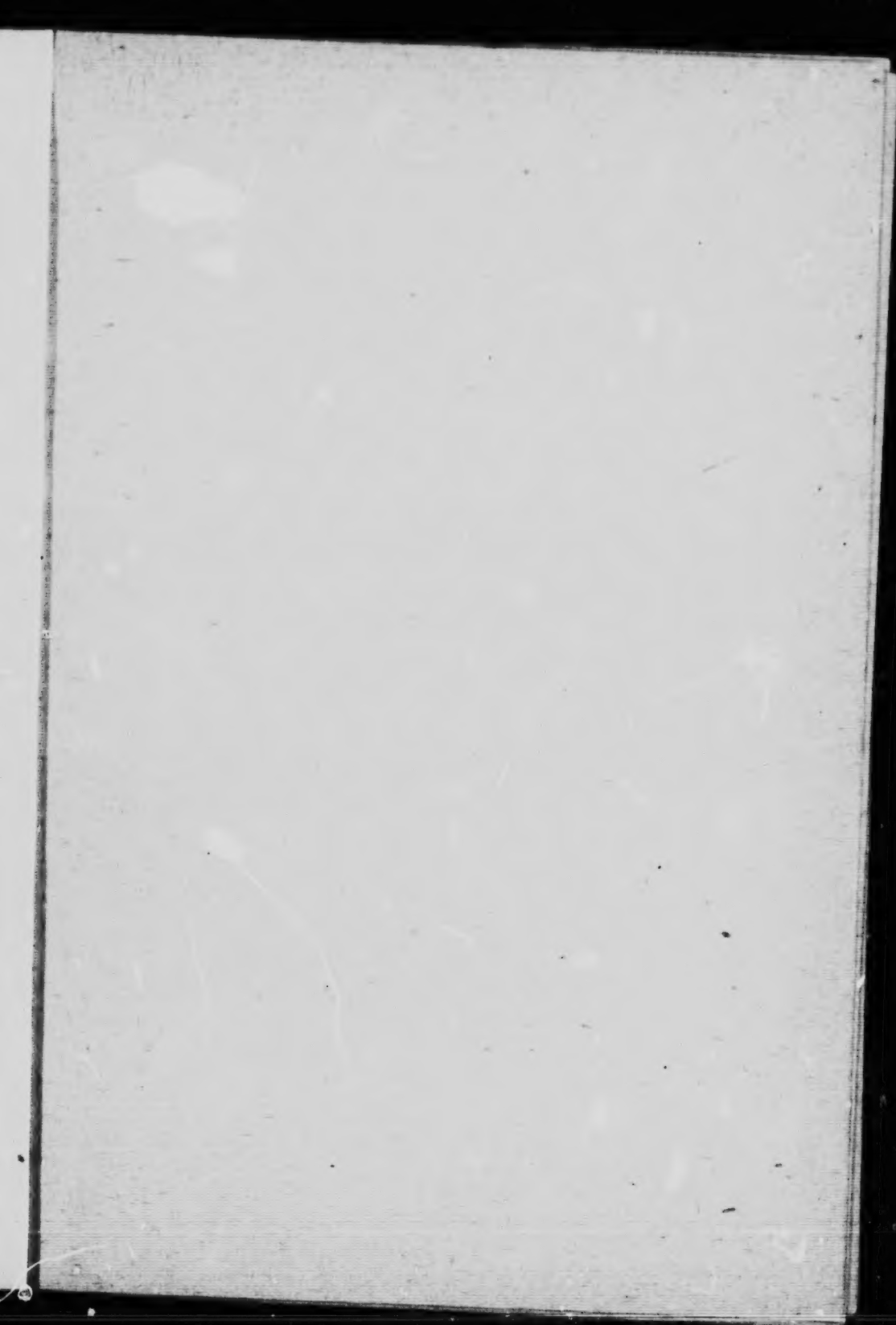
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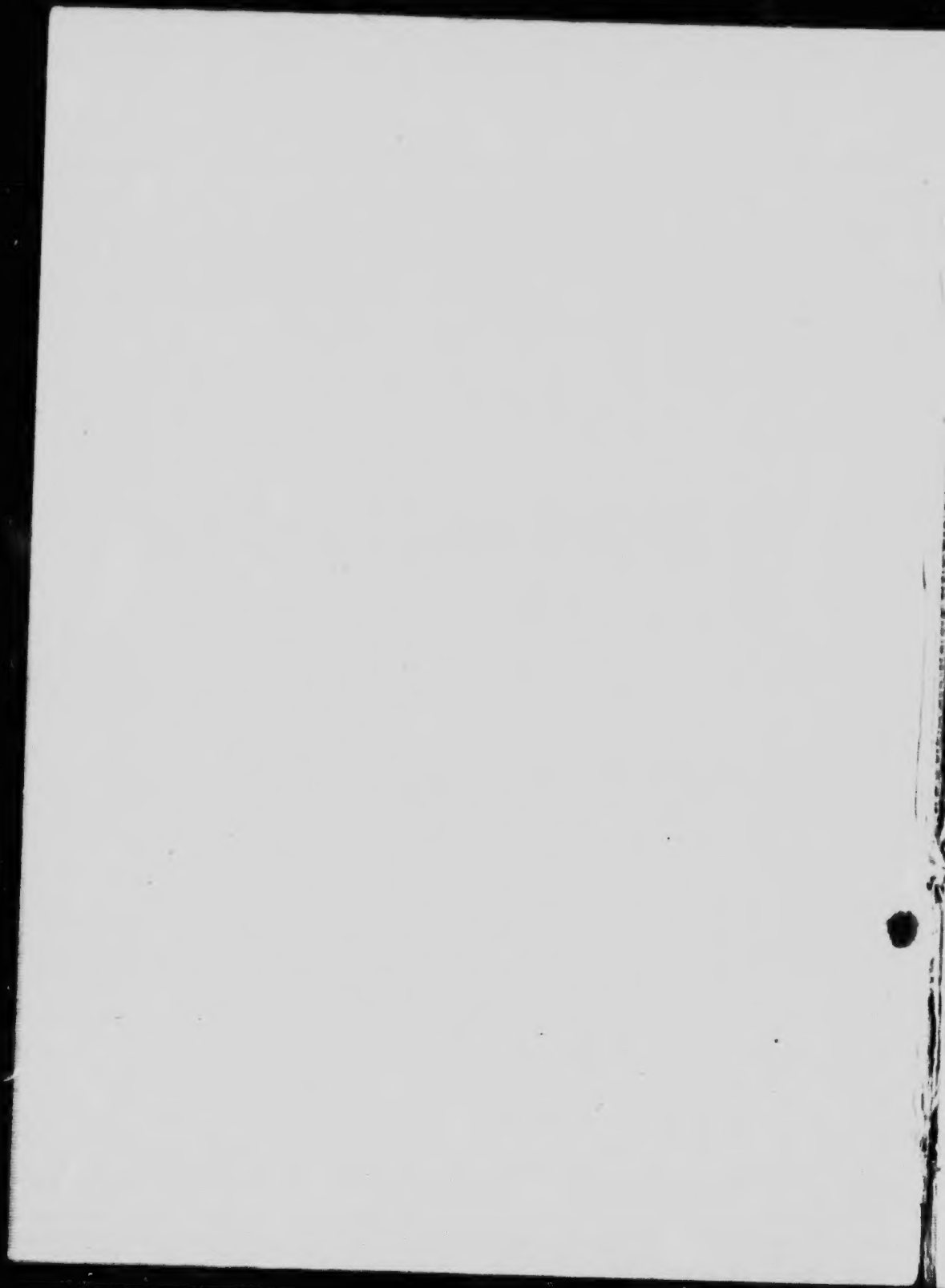
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Mrs. Hackey









THE LIFE OF  
JERRY McAULEY  
THE RIVER THIEF.

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His Conversion in Prison and his  
Mission Work in Water  
Street, New York.

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OTTAWA :  
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## CHAPTER I.

### SINNING.

**T**HERE are men who are so constituted by nature, that what they may be engaged in, they do it with all their might. The life of Jerry McAuley illustrates this statement.

He was born in Ireland, and his father was obliged to leave the place to escape the law, before Jerry was old enough to remember it.

There were many children in the family, and he was sent to live with his grandmother, who was a Roman Catholic of the strictest kind.

He could remember seeing her in his childhood counting her beads, and doing penance by kissing the floor. He would

throw things at her to see her arise, and hear her swear.

He had no faith in Christian religion through the inconsistency of his grandmother. A question came up in his mind and he frequently asked himself, "What sort of religion is this that requires such foolish worship, and allows such sinful ways?"

Through the pernicious influence of his grandmother's wicked life, the Roman Catholic Church lost its influence over him, when he was only a boy.

Like many other boys he had no educational advantages, not being taught nor sent to school. He was allowed to have his own way in most things, and enter into mischief, or wander in idleness. He was also cruelly treated by those who had the care of him. He was so discouraged that he often wet his pillow with tears and wished to die.

He came to New York in his thirteenth year, being desirous of meeting his sister there. He was tall and strong and was useful in running errands. He was thrown into much bad company in this way, and imbibed much that was hurtful to him.

There was in his nature an inherited tendency to steal, and he readily entered into

tricks of dishonesty. He became a thief when very young. He was not free to live with his sister, and went to board on the street of his fame.

Shortly he became a prize-fighter, and from that to a river thief. He formed a companion in sin, who went with him to board vessels at night and steal whatever they could find. They would sell in the day what they stole at night and then go into the vile dens on Water Street. Referring to this time in his life he says :

"By rapid degrees I went through all the grades of vice and crime, till I don't suppose a bigger nuisance and loafer ever stepped above ground. I was a lad in years, but a man in sin.

I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much in those days, and it was pretty easy to board a vessel and take what you pleased. The fourth ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was then.



## CHAPTER II.

### SUFFERING.

**J**ERRY was arrested for highway robbery when he was nineteen years of age. He was not guilty of the crime of which he was charged. He says :

"Now, I'd done enough to send me to prison forty times over, and I knew it, but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I hadn't done.

But the rumsellers and inhabitants of the Fourth Ward hated me for all my evil ways, and were glad to get rid of me. So they swore the robbery on me, and I couldn't help myself. I had no friends, no advocate at court (it is a bad thing, sinners, not to have an advocate at court), and without any just cause I was sentenced to fifteen years in the State prison.

I was mad with rage, but forced to keep quiet. It was in my mind to kill my keeper, and I marked him then. "Wait," I said to myself, "I'll be even with you some day if I have to hang for it."

I burned with vengeance; but what could I do? I was handcuffed, and sent in the cars to Sing Sing.

That ride was the saddest hour of my life. I looked back on my whole past course, on all my hardships, my misery and sins, and gladly would I have thrown myself out before the advancing train, and ended my life. It was not sorrow for sin that possessed me, but a heavy weight seemed to press me down when I thought of the punishment I had to suffer for my wrong doings, and an indignant, revengeful feeling for the injustice of my sentence. Fifteen years of hard labor in a prison to look forward to, and all for a crime I was innocent of.

I knew I had done enough to condemn me if it were known; but others, as bad as I, were at liberty, and I was suffering the penalty for one who was at that hour roaming at will, glorying in his lucky escape from punishment, and caring nothing for the unhappy dog who was bearing it in his stead. How

my heart swelled with rage, and then sank like lead, as I thought of my helplessness in the hands of the law, without a friend in the world.

When I arrived at the prison, I shall never forget it, the first thing that attracted my attention was the sentence over the door :

"The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."

Though I could not read well, I managed to spell that out. All thieves know it well and know too well that it is in the Bible. It is a well worn proverb in all the haunts of vice and one confirmed by daily experience. And how strange that, knowing the way is hard, transgressor, will walk in it !

When I put on the prison dress and they shut me in, I knocked my head against the wall, and if I had dared I would have killed myself."

Poor Jerry, he was in a hard place, was he not ? In prison in another man's place. Bearing the penalty of another's sin.

## CHAPTER III.

### AWAKENED.

**J**ERRY was sent to prison on an unjust sentence, but he did not regret it. He praised God that he ever entered into it, after his release. He says :

"God was more merciful than man. His pure eyes had seen all my sin, and yet He pitied and loved me and stretched out His hand to save me. And His wonderful way of doing it was to shut me up in a cell within heavy stone walls. And there is many a one beside me who will have cause to thank God 'forever and ever that he was shut up in a prison.

I made up my mind I'd obey the rules and see if I couldn't get pardoned out, or may be there would come a chance of escape, and I

set my mind toward that. I learned to read, and had a pile of cheap novels they let us buy; and I learned carpet weaving, and no one had a word to say against me.

I used to say my prayers—the Lord's Prayer—every day, feeling that it was right to say it and in some way or other would do me good. But after two years I grew weakly. I had been used to the open air always, and a shut-in life told upon me. Then I got ugly and thought it was no use, and then they punished me.

Do you know what that is? It's the leathern collar that holds and galls you, and you are strapped up by the arms with your toes just touching the floor, and it's the shower bath that leaves you in a dead faint till another dash brings you out.

I've stood it all and cursed God while I did. I was that desperate I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

I had been in prison five years, when one Sunday morning I went with the rest to the service in the chapel. I was moody and miserable. As I took my seat I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform and who should I see beside the Chaplain but a man

named Orville Gardner, an old confederate in sin, whom I had been on a spree with many a time.

Since I came to prison he had been converted, and he came now that he might tell the glad story of his salvation to the prisoners. I had not heard he was coming, and should not have been more surprised if an angel had come down from heaven.

I knew him at a glance, though he was so greatly changed from his old rough dress and appearance. After the first look I began to question in my mind if it was he after all, and thought I must be mistaken; but the moment he spoke I was sure, and my attention was held fast.

He said he did not feel that he belonged on the platform, where the ministers of God and good men stood to preach the Gospel to the prisoners; he was not worthy of such a place.

So he came down and stood on the floor in front of the desk, that he might be among the men.

He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing; and while he was talking his tears fairly rained down out of his eyes.

Then he knelt down and prayed and sobbed and cried, till I do not believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd.

Tears filled my eyes, and I raised my hand slowly to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep ; but how I wished I was alone, or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved !

I knew this man was no hypocrite. We had been associated in many a dark deed and sinful pleasure. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then unless some great, wonderful change had come to him.

I devoured every word that fell from his lips though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible.

The Bible ! I knew there was such a book, that people pretended it was a message from God ; but I had never cared for it, or read a word in it. But now God's time had come, and He was going to show me the treasures that were hid in that precious Book.

I went back to my cell. How dreary is

Sunday in prison ! After the morning service in the chapel, the prisoners are marched back to their cells, taking their plate of dinner with them as they pass the dining-hall, and the rest of the day is spent in solitude. Oh, those long, dismal hours ! I had generally contrived to have a novel on hand, but that day I had none.

What I had heard was ringing in my ears, and the thought possessed me to find the verse which had so struck me. Every prison-cell is supplied with a Bible ; but, alas ! few of them are used.

Mine I had never touched since the day I entered my narrow apartment, and laid it away in the ventilator.

I took it down, beat the dust from it, and opened it. But where to turn to find the words I wanted I knew not.

There was nothing to do but to begin at the beginning, and read till I came to them.

On and on I read. How interested I grew ! It seemed better than any novel I had ever read, and I could scarcely leave it to go to sleep.

I became so fascinated that from that day on it was my greatest delight.

I was glad when I was released from work,



that I might get hold of my Bible ; and night after night, when daylight was gone, I stood up by my grated door to read by the dim light which came from the corridor.

I had supposed it to be a dry, dead thing—a book only fit for priests and saints, but now, whenever I could get a chance to communicate with my mates in the workshop, I told them that it was a splend' thing, that Bible.

I never found that verse. I had forgotten it in my new interest in the Book. But I found a good many verses that made me stop and think.

I read till I found something that hit the Catholics, I thought, and I pitched my Bible down and kicked it all around the cell. "The vile heretics !" I said, "that's the way they show up the Catholics, is it ?" It was the verse that says :

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils ; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with

thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth" (1. Tim. iv. 1).

Something seemed to whisper to me, "Go get a Catholic Bible and then you can prove this to be false."

So I said, "I will have a Catholic Bible, and not this thing that nobody would touch with a ten-foot pole."

I took my first chance to go to the library and ask for a Catholic Bible. They looked at me pretty sharp, as though they would like to understand what I was driving at; but they gave me what I wanted, and I took it to my cell.

Eagerly I turned to that chapter. There they were, the very same words: "Forbidding to marry," and "Commanding to abstain from meats."

But there were notes in the margin, which boxed it up so, that my suspicions were at once aroused. I said, "It surely is the Word of God, and they are trying to get out of it."

I turned to various parts, to Kings, Isaiah, and other books, and I found that the words in both were almost the same, and the meaning was the same always, and I was in despair.

Then I read the whole book through again,

and I liked it better the second time than I did the first. The book of Revelation particularly astonished me. I tried to believe, but I could not understand it.

I was resting one night from reading, walking up and down and thinking what a change religion had made in Gardner, when I began to have a burning desire to have the same. I kept thinking about the new look in Gardner's face, "What makes it?" says I, "and if he's different, why can't I be?" I could not get rid of it; but what could I do?

Something within me said, "Pray." I could not frame a prayer. The voice said, "Don't you remember the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner?'"

I thought of my own religion, the Roman Catholic faith, in which I had been brought up, and I asked, "Why can't I be good in that religion? But that will not save me as Gardner's does him," I thought, "it does not keep me free from my sins."

There was a struggle in my mind. "If I send for the priest," I said to myself, "he will tell me I must do penance, say so many prayers, and do something for mortification, and such as that."

"If I ask the chaplain, he will tell me to be

sorry for my sins and cry to God for forgiveness. Both can't be right."

The voice within said, "Go to God; He will tell you what is right."

What a struggle I went through! I knew I ought to pray; but if there had been ten thousand people there I couldn't have been more ashamed to do it than I was there all alone.

I felt myself blushing. Every sin stared me in the face. I recollected the "whosoever" in the Bible. "That means you," said the inward voice. "But I am so wicked," I urged; "everything but a murderer, and that many a time in my will."

The struggle did not seem all my own; it was as if God was fighting the Devil for me. To every thought that came up there came a verse of Scripture.

I fell on my knees, and was so ashamed I jumped up again. I fell on my knees again, and cried out for help, and then, as ashamed as before, I rose again. I put it off for that time and went to bed.

This conflict went on for three or four weeks. It was fearful. I wonder now at the longsuffering mercy of my God.

I wonder that the Holy Spirit was not

grieved to depart from me forever. But at last the Lord sent a softness and tenderness into my soul and I shed many tears.

Then I cried unto the Lord and began to read the Bible on my knees.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SAVED.

**J**ERRY was not the first man who was saved in a prison. It is the state of the heart and not the words. "Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." (Jer. xxix, 13).

The Sunday services seemed to do me no good. They were dry and dead to me. Once in a while a man full of the Holy Ghost preached for us, and at such times I got a little help.

About that date Miss D—— began to visit the prison, and I was sent for one day to meet her in the library. This young lady had learned that I was seeking the Saviour, and had asked to see me. She talked with me, and then knelt down to pray.

I felt ashamed, but I knelt beside her. I looked through my fingers and watched her. I saw her tears fall. An awe I cannot describe fell on me. It seemed dreadful to me, the prayer of that holy woman. It made my sins rise up till they looked to me as if they rose clean up to the throne of God, and it appeared to me as if they troubled God, they rose up so high. What should I do?

Oh, what can a poor sinner do when there is nothing between him and God but a life of dark, terrible sin?

That night I fell on my knees on the hard, stone floor of my cell, resolved to stay there, whatever might happen, till I found forgiveness. I was desperate. I felt just like the words of the hymn,

“Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer,  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.”

I prayed, and then I stopped; I prayed again, and stopped; but still I continued kneeling. My knees were rooted to those cold stones. My eyes were closed, and my hands tightly clasped, and I was determined I would stay so till morning, till I was called to my work; “and then,” said I to myself, “if

I get no relief, I will never, never pray again." I felt that I might die, but I didn't care for that.

All at once it seemed as if something supernatural was in my room. I was afraid to open my eyes. I was in an agony, and the sweat rolled off my face in great drops. Oh, how I longed for God's mercy!

Just then, in the very height of my distress, it seemed as if a hand was laid upon my head and these words came to me: "My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven."

I do not know if I heard a voice, yet the words were distinctly spoken to my soul. Oh, the precious Christ! How plainly I saw Him, lifted on the cross for my sin! What a thrill went through me! I jumped from my knees; I paced up and down my cell. A heavenly light seemed to fill it; a softness and a perfume like the fragrance of sweetest flowers.

I did not know if I were living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted, "Praise God! Praise God!"

I was so happy I felt like a dead man on my cell floor, and did not know anything for a long while.

When I got up I couldn't contain myself.



I knocked things around and shouted, and made a terrible to-do.

The keeper heard it, a tall old Jew we called "Shadpole." because he was so long and slim, and slipping along with his slippered feet to my door, he peeked in between the bars and hollered, half-scared like, "What's the matter in there?"

I didn't answer him, but kept right on: I couldn't help it; and he yelled again: "Say, what's the matter?"

"I've found Christ," I answered; "my sins are all forgiven! Glory to God!"

"What?" he exclaimed.

"I've got r-e-l-i-g-i-o-n," I answered again.

"I'll give you r-e-l-i-g-i-o-n," he growled, and proceeded to take down my number for a cold shower-bath for next morning. I suppose he thought I needed cooling off, but I never got it. The Lord made that man lose his book, or get confused about the number, or something, for I was not punished at all.

What a night that was! I shall surely never forget the time when the Lord appeared as my gracious Deliverer from sin. I was converted, though I was so foolish as to fall away for a season, afterwards.

From that time life was all new to me.

Work was nothing ; hard fare nothing ; scowls and harsh words nothing.

I was happy, for Jesus was my Friend ; my sins were washed away, and my heart was full of love and thanksgiving.

I hated every sinful way. I had formerly smoked, but something within now said it was wrong, and I gave it up.

And the Lord began to use me in the prison among my fellow convicts. I only had half an hour at a time, but I improved it among my fellow-prisoners, to say a word of kindness, and we often shed tears together. A great work was commenced there, and spread from cell to cell.

The prisoners began to read their Bibles, to call upon God, and to praise the name of Jesus. Jack Dare was the first man I began to pray for. There had been a revolt in the prison and he was one of the leaders. This revolt occurred some time before my conversion, but I had no hand in it.

Jack was in the same workshop with me and was quite a favorite.

The convicts often paired off in friendships, and he and I went together. If either of us had any little luxury we shared with the

other, as children would do ; and when I got salvation I wanted to share that with him.

I approached him on several occasions with the subject, but he repulsed me with sneers. He seemed to think I was playing a bold game to get out of prison ; but he learned at last that I was in earnest.

He found me several times weeping and poring over my Bible. Once he lifted his hand to strike me, and even spit at me ; but when I told him that I had no resentment, and could stand it for Jesus' sake, he was touched.

That astonished him. I said nothing more for a week, and he seemed to be getting worse all the time, but I felt sure the Spirit of God was strong with him. I kept on praying with strong crying and tears ; and I knew that God would save him.

One day he told me he had been praying, but it seemed dreadful to him to pray. I knew all about that from my own experience.

Not long after this, as he came out of his cell one morning to go to work, I caught sight of his face, and it was all lit up. He was at the head of the column, and I near the foot ; he just glanced at me with a smile, and gave an upward turn of his eye to

heaven, and then I knew it was all right with him.

The first one he told the good news to was the keeper. "Jack," said he, "I'm glad you've got religion."

It was not that he cared for religion, but he was afraid of Jack, he was such a desperate character, and now he knew he would have no more trouble with him.

All the time I had to work for Christ was when the regular keeper was relieved, and we were allowed to talk.

I had my men all picked out, and I went from one to the other, saying the few earnest words I could say.

Several of these were converted. One or two wandered away when they left the prison, having no Christian friend to look after them. Since that time they have come into the Helping Hand, and have been sweetly restored.

About two years I went on thus. My faith was so simple, I felt the Lord would give me anything reasonable I might ask. And I never had a doubt until after I came out of prison and mingled with Christians, and their wavering, unstable, half-and-half faith staggered me.

My cell seemed all that time like heaven, and I cared very little whether I ever came out of it or not. The love of Christ was so abounding, it drowned every trouble. No one could insult me. If my comrades abused me, I felt that I could pray for and forgive them.

After this I was led to pray for my liberty. At first I felt that the desire to be set free was of the Devil. But I asked the Lord about it, and He gave me the assurance that my desire should be granted. And it was: I received a pardon from the Governor after having served about half my time—seven years and six months.

## CHAPTER V.

### BACKSLIDDEN.

**L**IKE many others, Jerry fell, having no Christian friends to associate with, and no encouragement from men.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

He was without friends. But again we let him tell his own story :

"If I had found a single Christian friend at that time, it would have saved me years of misery. It does not seem to me right to turn men out of prison, and make no provision for their well-doing.

Many a poor fellow has been driven to crime and back again to his prison cell for want of kindly counsel and direction when he first came out again into the world.

I wanted to do right, to please God. The first thing I did was to inquire for a prayer-meeting. I was told of one; but when I got to the door I was afraid to go in. I had never been to a Protestant meeting, and nobody invited me in.

I kept steadily away from the Fourth Ward lest I should be tempted by my old associates. Unfortunately the only friend I found directed me to a lager beer saloon to board. Lager beer had come up since I went to prison, and I did not know what it was.

They told me it was a harmless drink, wholesome and good, and simple as root beer. I drank it, and then began my downfall.

My head got confused. The old appetite was awakened. From that time I drank it every day, and it was not long before I went from that to stronger liquors.

The night I stopped praying I shall never forget. I felt as wretched as I did the day I went to prison.

And now I began a career of sin and misery which I cannot describe. Satan got completely the upper hand of me.

The dear Saviour, who had been so gracious and so precious to me in the prison, I let go.

How I wonder that He did not let me go!  
But He did not.

I had obtained work in a large hat shop. The workmen had a strike and I was one of the ringleaders. We were all dismissed, and thus I was thrown out of employment.

Then, it being war time, I went into the bounty business. Rascally business that. I would pick men up wherever I could find them, get them half drunk, and coax them to enlist.

They received the bounty, and I had a premium on each of half the amount. I made a great deal of money in this way, which I spent freely. I became a sporting man, and often went to the races, and my downward course was greatly quickened.

I got in with a man, who has since died of delirium tremens, and went boating with him on the river.

We would buy stolen goods of the sailors, compel them to enlist on fear of being arrested, and we took the bounty. We went on for some time in this thieving, racing, speculating, and bounty business.

We kept a recruiting office in New York and another in Brooklyn, and found plenty



to do, and might have become rich if we had saved what we made.

But all this time my conscience was far from easy. I remembered the days at Sing Sing, when the glory of the Lord shone in my cell, and I was shouting with joy for sins forgiven, and improving every moment to win souls to Christ.

I knew I was all wrong, and yet I could not stop. I seemed to be on a down track, and rushing at furious speed. When I felt the most troubled, I would go to drinking, and try to drown conscience in whiskey.

After the war was over I went to boating exclusively, buying and selling smuggled and stolen goods. There was a good deal of this business among sailors and captains.

I gave counterfeit money for the goods, until I became well known for this, and then I had to give it up, for no one would steal for me when they found I gave them nothing for it.

From this I became a river-thief, boarding vessels at night, and doing the stealing myself.

How many narrow escapes from death I had while engaged in this wicked business!

One night we were out on the river in our

boat looking for chances. We had been disappointed in some of our plans at Greenpoint, and pulled down to the Williamsburg ferry, where we fastened our craft to the Idaho, one of the regular ferryboats, to be towed across to the New York side.

We had steamed out a little way into the river, when the Idaho was discovered to be on fire. It seemed but the work of a moment from the first alarm till the whole boat was in flames. The greatest confusion prevailed among the crew and passengers. We let go as soon as we could, for fear we should be swamped; but before we could push off two men jumped in. We rowed them to the shore and then came back, not to save life, but to get booty.

Another ferryboat came alongside and rescued about forty of the passengers, but there were ten or twelve who threw themselves into the water, and these we picked up. We saved one Christian woman. We held on to her as she clinched the sides of the boat with her hands.

The whole scene was terrific. The fire raging, the screams of the perishing, the struggles of the poor creatures in the water, impressed my mind deeply with the thought

of the last day and the fiery hell, to which I knew the sinner must go.

And yet God used us wicked people in the midst of all this terror and confusion to save His children. My partner wanted me to let the people go and pick up the cloaks, hats, and various things that were floating in the river; but I said, "No, I haven't got so low as that yet."

And I thank God now He helped me do what I did, and get all those poor people safe to land.

Another night in Brooklyn we stole a rope-fender off a ship, the whole value of which was not more than a dollar and a half, and yet for that we could run such fearful risks.

The captain of the vessel saw us, and seizing his revolver fired at us, once, twice, four times. The balls came so close that I could feel them as they whizzed past my head, but they did not hit. God preserved me that time also; for what?

After I got round the wharf and out of danger, I felt frightened more than before. Something whispered, "If that bullet had hit you, where would you have been?" and the response of my conscience was, "In hell."

All the time I was prosecuting this busi-

ness I had a longing in my sober moments to be a better man, to lead an honest and sober life ; but I felt that after all the joy and peace I had before had, I never could come to God again.

Satan always quoted that text to me, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost,.....if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance."

So to quell these memories and convictions, I kept all the time under the influence of liquor.

If any one had spoken to me kindly and in a Christian spirit at that time, it would have subdued me, but no one came near the poor, wretched outcast.

One night we went over to Brooklyn on a plundering expedition.

I was very drunk. There was a certain vessel at the wharf which we had our eye upon, but I was too intoxicated to do my share of the work, so I stayed in the boat while my partner boarded the ship.

By some mishap I fell into the water. The boat went one way, and the eddy carried me in another direction and out from the wharf.

I went down and touched bottom, and rose to the surface.

Again I sank and rose. The third time, the thought came to me, "This is the last, and now you are gone—you are drowned."

Hell seemed opening under my feet, and I fancied I could hear the wails and shrieks of the lost. Then something said, "Call on God." But how could I? I felt it was too mean; I had sinned too fearfully.

But I did call, and the Lord heard me. I seemed to be lifted right up to the surface of the water, and the boat, which had drifted off in another direction, was brought right to me, so I could get hold of it.

I can't tell how it was, but it always seemed to me a miracle. The water had sobered me, and after I got hold of the boat I managed to get in.

After I was in, something seemed to say to me, "God has saved you for the last time. If you ever go out on the river again, God will let you drop into hell and be lost." It was a clear, strong impression, but instead of softening me it made me angry.

I took my partner into the boat without a word. We rowed across the river, and I went home and dried my clothes. A load of guilt

was upon me ! I could think of nothing else to do and to rid myself of it I drank, and drank, and drank. But no amount of liquor could drown that inward voice.

In spite of all, I would have gone out again, but my partner met with an accident which prevented his going, so, notwithstanding my desire, I did not. We had no money ; I couldn't borrow, and I was actually in want.

While we made money in our wicked life, we laid up nothing, but spent as fast as we got it. It was the wages of iniquity, and as the Bible says, "Wages to put . . . . into a bag with holes," so that it did us no good. (Hag. 1 : 6.)

The sting of conscience remained with me, and a strange desire to be out of this wicked business, and in some honorable employment.

## CHAPTER VI.

### STRUGGLING.

**M**EN who have been born of God may leave Jesus, but He follows them. They are never happy until they return. Jerry's heart ached to have the love of Jesus again.

In his little book, he says :

It seemed wonderful that such feelings should so haunt me all the time ; but now I can see that it was the convicting power of the Holy Spirit that was pursuing me, and would not let me go until I had been brought back from my wanderings.

The John Allen excitement had just commenced in Water Street, and the good Christian people were going through the ward to bring in the sinners to the meetings. I was

sitting in my room one of these wretched days, when I heard a stranger in the hall below.

The landlady was upstairs, and the person who had entered came up.

Just outside my door I heard a pleasant voice say to her, "Do you love Jesus?" That voice—those words! . It seemed like long-forgotten music.

It recalled the past happy days when I had known the love of Jesus, and my heart was deeply touched. "No, indade, do I love Jesus; and who is He?" was the rough answer I heard.

"My good woman, and don't you know who Jesus is?" and then the person passed on to the top of the house, and the landlady came into my room.

"Who is that?" said I.

"Oh, it's one of them tract pedlers," said she.

"Why don't you treat the man with respect," said I.

She was silent, but I thought at once that perhaps this man, whoever he might be, might get me a job of honest work; so I went out and waited on the landing till he came downstairs.



He saw me ; but I was a frightful-looking object, and I think he was a little scared at facing me.

However, I accosted him, and he told me to come down stairs and he would talk with me.

I had a colored shirt on, an old pair of pants, and my hair was cropped pretty close. I don't wonder the missionary didn't want to talk with me on the landing, but preferred to have me below on the pavement.

We walked out together, up the street, till we came to the New Bowery. As we approached the Howard Mission he invited me in. I didn't know until then that there was such a place.

A gentleman there met us, and spoke kindly. They both said that if I would sign the pledge they would see what they could do for me.

The idea struck me as it had never done before, that a drunkard like me couldn't get work, and there was no hope of decent employment unless I did reform. So I signed it. But I told them I shouldn't be likely to keep it, that I had taken it many times before and broken it.

I wanted to be honest, but I knew I

couldn't keep it. "Try it again," they said, "and ask God to help you."

And I said, "Well, to please you, I will."

I went right home from there and told my partner what I had done.

How he laughed ! "You take the pledge !" he said.

He had a bottle of gin in his hand at that moment and turning out a glass offered it to me.

"To n," said I, "I have just taken the pledge."

But I drank it; and as I put down the glass, I added, "Now this is the last drink I shall ever take." He said, "Yes, till you get the next."

Just at that moment in walked the missionary. I kept as far away from him as I could, so that he might not smell my breath.

I think if he had asked me I should have honestly confessed what I had done. But he did not. He only invited me to go out and walk with him.

I went; and as we walked I told him I was going out on the river that night, for we were dead broke, I was hungry, and must have money.

He looked sad and troubled. "Jerry," said

he, "before you do that, I'll take this coat off my back and pawn it, and give you the money."

I looked at the coat and saw it was worn and old, and it touched me to the heart.

It was as much as I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes. "Here's this good man," I said to myself, "poor as I know he must be, willing to take the coat off his back and pawn it to keep me from doing wrong." I don't know as he saw the effect of his words, but I hung my head. "I will give you a text out of the Bible," said he. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

I remember my answer: "I'll take that text and trust God."

Then he went away, and in a little while he brought me fifty cents. I got something to eat, and we did not go out boating.

The next day, as Tom and , with Maria (now my beloved wife and helper) and Nellie, the two girls with whom Tom and I were intimate, were in our room together, the missionary, with some Christian ladies, came in to see us. They talked with us a while, and then said they would pray. I wished they wouldn't, but I had not the courage to say so,

and they went on. Those prayers had a wonderful effect upon me.

Day after day my new friend followed me up, and so closely that I could get no chance to drink. "Tom," I would say, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

But Tom would answer, "Will the Lord come down from heaven to give you a beef-steak?"

"The missionary would often repeat the text he had given me, but Tom wouldn't accept it. I felt, however, that I could. I had had some experience which he had not, and I believed the Word of the Lord.

Soon after this we were invited to the missionary's house to take tea. He lent me a coat to wear.

After tea they had singing and prayer. I cried and cried. "Pray for yourself," said he, "and God will save you."

"I don't know how," I said, "I can't put the words together." It wasn't that I had forgotten all about praying, but after I had sinned so fearfully, I felt afraid to utter such solemn words.

"Pray the prayer of the publican," some one cried, "'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

I prayed it. My heart was all broken, and I repeated the words over and over.

"Put in 'For Jesus' sake'" said the missionary.

So I put that in, and oh, the joy that came into my heart ! not like the first time, but more calm and peaceful.

"I am saved," I cried ; "Jesus has saved me."

Oh, the joy and excitement of that evening ! I shall never forget it. These good people had come down into the Fourth Ward to labor among the very lowest of low and wicked men and women, and God had given them a trophy in me, one of the hardest cases in the ward. How their faith was strengthened !

After that the missionary used often to walk around with me, his arm in mine. This was a great help to me, for all my old companions had heard of my conversion, and it was such a strange event that they would shout after me. So it was a protection to be with one whom they truly respected.

It is not so much of an event now for a notorious sinner to be converted in Water Street. The wonders of God's grace have

been greatly multiplied down there within the last few years.

Before this came about I had a long and trying probation. I found work in the Ferry Company. There I was tempted and drank again.

My good friend, the missionary, had left the city, the meetings were given up, and I felt lonely and sad. I had not then joined any Church.

Maria was out of the city, and I felt I must go and see her. I took Sunday for the visit, though conscience told me I was doing wrong.

It was a cold, snowy day. I went in the stage, and when we reached the half-way house all the passengers got out and drank. They looked at me as they were taking their hot whiskey, seemingly with pity, as though I couldn't afford to buy. My pride was touched. I went up to the bar and asked for sarsaparilla. The man handed me a gin-bottle and glass. There was an inward conflict, and I grieved the Spirit.

Coming back from my visit, I lost the stage, and had to put in at a hotel. There the devil made me drink again. I could only think of the house, "empty, swept and

garnished," where the unclean spirit had dwelt. "Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

The unclean spirit had come back into my heart with his miserable company, and I was in a sad plight.

I went out of the hotel and went straight to a Church which was open. I sat down, and though I was drunk, I seemed to know what was going on. I was angry with myself, and cursed God. I said, "I'll never go back to Water Street to disgrace God and the good people there." I made up my mind I would kill myself.

I went out from the Church and took the cars for home. What a day I had spent! My brain was on fire. My heart was cast down. My conscience was sore. Yes, I thought again, "I will kill myself."

I made up my mind to let myself down from the platform and let the cars go over me. But the conductor was there and pushed me in. While I was watching my opportunity the Holy Spirit came to me and my heart was softened.

The next night I went to a meeting. It was during the John Allen excitement. They asked whoever wanted prayers to stand up. "Well," thinks I, "them fellows can't hurt me praying for me;" so I stood up and confessed my sin, and asked the Christians to pray for me, and I prayed myself that God would forgive me.

The Sunday after this last slip I went into the Howard Mission, while the Sunday-school children were singing. I sat down on a side seat, and then I saw on the platform a gentleman who had been introduced to me by the missionary, and had spoken kind and encouraging words to me.

He looked at me and recognized me with a friendly smile and nod. I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

Just before the meeting closed I got up and slipped out of the door for fear he would come and speak to me. I did not want him to know that I had been doing wrong.

But he was too quick for me. He caught me in the passage outside the chapel door before I could get down the steps. He held out his hand and seeing my downcast looks, said, "What is the matter, Jerry?"



I held back my hand and said, "I am not fit for you to speak to me."

He said, "Why, what is the trouble? Tell me all about it."

I then said, "I have been in hell for three days," and I told him what had happened.

He gave me a warm squeeze of the hand, and then, putting both his hands on my shoulders, and looking me straight in the eye, with his own moist with sympathy, he said, "Don't give it up, Jerry; try again, and keep trying, and hold on to Jesus."

His words and look and hearty grip strengthened and encouraged me wonderfully.

All this time I had kept up the use of tobacco, and that created a thirst in me. And I didn't belong to any Church, and so had no Christian influence to hold me.

But soon after that I joined the Methodist Church on probation, and that strengthened me.

I had another trial. I was required to work on Sunday. I told my employer I was not only reformed, but trying to lead a Christian life. "Jerry," said he, "you are no better than I. I am a Christian man, but have to work on Sunday, and you must too. I want

you to come to-morrow to work." But I felt it was wrong and did not go. On Monday morning I was discharged. I felt badly, for he was a Church member, and I a poor, weak beginner in the Christian life. "Never mind," said my boss, trying to console me ; "you go to work and I guess it will be all right."

"No, I won't," said I ; "I will trust God."

But I would not leave until I had seen my employer. I found him leaning over the side of the ferryboat. I tapped him on the shoulder.

He made no answer, but I knew he had heard me. I tapped him on the shoulder again.

"Captain C.," said I, "have you discharged me for wishing to keep the Sabbath ?"

He did not answer.

"Captain C., have you discharged me for trying to do right ?"

"Jerry," said he, "you haven't accommodated me, and I can't accommodate you."

"Good morning," said I, and walked away.

After I began to try to live right, I went on for some time without work ; then my friend, the missionary, came back, and introduced me to Mr. H., a rich gentleman in the city. Mr. H. shook hands with me, and told me to keep

on doing right, to trust God, and when I was in want to come down to his office and see him ; and he gave me his number.

The shake of his hand and his encouraging words built me up.

I resolved that I would never go to him for money, but his kindness put new life into me ; and I often went to him after that for encouragement and advice. No matter how busy he was, he always had a kind word for me, and would often excuse himself from his big friends to talk with me.

Soon after this I got a job of work, was led into scenes of temptation and fell again.

But this was the last time. I resolved to give up tobacco, went into a Christian family who found employment for me, and I gave myself wholly to God.

And here let me say a word about tobacco. I consider it a great stumbling block in any Christian's life ; but when a man has had an appetite for liquor and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal.

It will surely bring him back to his cups. If I had given it up when I gave up rum, I believe I should have had none of those fearful falls which I have described. I was led at last, by the grace of God, to do the clean

thing—to give up every sinful habit, and from that time Jesus has kept me.

After a time my work ceased, but the money I had saved lasted me some time.

When I got to the last five dollars I went into my room and prayed most earnestly for work, and before I came out I felt the assurance that my prayer was answered.

In a few days a situation was offered me in the custom house for four dollars a day. But there I preached Jesus too much, and was soon turned away.

Then I got steady employment in another place, where also I testified for Jesus. I had been there only a little while before a companion began to swear. I reproved him.

"We can get along without swearing," said I.

"What !" said he, "are you a Churchman ?"

"No, I am a Christian, or trying to be one," I replied.

So I was spotted among the workmen, and pointed out as one of the hypocrites. One man, a German, I was permitted to lead to Christ.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SERVICE.

**M**EN who are fully saved from sin, always labor for the salvation of others, and Jerry was no exception. He had what he called a trance, or vision.

It seemed to him that he was singing at his work, and he thought that he was working for the Lord. He had a house and people were coming in. There was a bath, and as they entered, he washed and cleansed them outside, and the Lord cleansed them on the inside. At first they came in small numbers, then by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands.

He was in tears when he came out of the vision. The Lord asked him :

“Would you do that for the Lord if He

should call you? Would you do it for Jesus' sake?"

And he answered: "Yes, Lord, open the way, and I will go." He felt he could go down and labor where he had lived, in the filth, misery, drunkenness and Romanism.

His health commenced to fail and he attended some camp-meeting, and made it known that he was going to open a Mission on Water Street. There was a few hundred dollars given to him to help to start it. The Lord opened the way for him to open a Mission next to John Allen's dance house, 316 Water Street, New York. The man who owned the house gave it to him for that purpose.

He opened it as a resort for the forlorn, way-farers, sailors and others who frequented the locality.

He put up a sign, "Helping Hand for Men." It served as a guide-board to bring many to Christ.

Shortly after he took possession of the house, some Christian friends in the city pro-

vided a dinner on Thanksgiving Day. A bountiful dinner was provided and the needy were invited in. The day closed with a religious service, and the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the whole company.

The following is Jerry's description of it :

On Thanksgiving we gave a good dinner to one hundred and fifty poor people, and afterwards we had a kind of a family prayer-meeting. Brother Rae proposing to give thanks for the grand day we had experienced.

We got together for prayer and singing, and while this was going on, the outside people flocked in and crowded the house.

Such a sight I never saw, sinners crying, "God have mercy on me," "Lord help me:" and while I was on my knees the Lord said, "You had better open the door every evening."

And so I did : and this was the beginning of the grand revival since carried on at the Water Street Mission, commencing in such a humble way, and yet doing such a great work among all sorts of people—rich and poor, high and low."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SERVICE OF HIS WIFE.

**J**ERRY was married before he received the vision to open the Mission. He considered that his wife was very useful in the work of the Lord. He says :

She was the fruit of Water Street Mission work, and I am sure that my work at the Helping Hand would not be half so successful as it is without her. She is truly a helpmeet from the Lord to me.

She was, like myself, a Romanist, brought up in superstition and bigotry. When she grew up she was obliged, like thousands of others, to earn her own living, and for that purpose came to the city.

Here she was exposed to temptation on every side. She went into worldly pleasures,



as young people are apt to do, and before long acquired a love for drink.

About the time of my conversion she was invited to the John Allen Mission. She attended the meetings, but the Gospel invitations she heard did not seem to do her any good.

They fell upon her ear, but that was all. They sounded to her, as she often says, like an unknown tongue. And yet they were not altogether new, for they called up to her memory things she had heard in her childhood, when she had been at one time, a member of a Protestant Sunday-school.

And here, I think, is encouragement for Christian people to bring in such children into their Mission Sunday-schools, even if they do belong to another faith.

The mission workers labored with Maria kindly and faithfully, but still she was not converted. She did, however, promise to give up drinking, and after a while was persuaded to leave the city, and take a situation with a Christian family in the country.

Her friends hoped that in this way, by leaving the places of temptation, and living among good people, she would be brought to choose the right way.

Here she was taught in religious things, attended family worship, and read the Bible, but still her heart was not reached.

After several months she left this home for another. This, too, was a Christian family, and she had the same privileges, and here it was that suddenly the truths of the Gospel were revealed to her.

Her blind eyes in an unexpected moment were touched, and she saw; her deaf ears were unstopped, and she heard. The way of salvation opened before her, and the words she had so often heard, and which had slipped off from her like water from a rock, were all at once full of life and power.

They came to her just as knowledge seems to open to a little child, we don't know how, only we find, when we are not looking for it, that the child knows.

They took hold of her conscience and heart; the lessons of her childhood came to her with a meaning they had never had, and she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved.

When Jesus was revealed to her she received Him gladly, and gave herself wholly to Him. It was no half-way work with her.

Her faith was childlike, her love simple and earnest.

She at once received power to lift her out of the bondage of sinful appetite, and her soul was possessed with a love for sinners, and a desire to lead others to the same precious Saviour she had found.

She could not rest day or night for the longing she had to tell the glad story of her salvation.

She came back to the city and commenced missionary work, in the employ of some Christian ladies, as a Bible reader in the Fourth Ward.

She found easy access to tenement houses, liquor saloons, and dens of infamy, and in every place testified of the grace of Christ, and besought sinners to behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Many believed, forsook their evil ways, and came to Jesus, who are living witnesses for the Lord to-day.

I bless God that He permitted us to be united, and to work together in the Helping Hand ; and I hope God will let us live a great while to labor for souls.

We find it sweet to work for Him, and though we know we are in ourselves weak

and helpless, and prone to mistakes, yet we trust in the Lord and feel that His precious blood is applied every moment to cleanse and save us. Glory be to Jesus !

## CHAPTER IX.

### SAGACITY.

**I**N common with all the true disciples of Jesus, Jerry was much opposed by his relatives, who were Roman Catholics and were much displeased with him.

One of his sisters came to talk to him ; he attempted to show her from the Scriptures that there was only one name whereby we can be saved. She pleaded with him to go with her to the priest. He consented and went with her.

"You have come here to be convinced of your errors," said the priest, as they seated themselves in his room.

"I have," said Jerry, "If you can convince me from the Bible. Father, do you believe it to be an inspired Book ?"

"Certainly."

"Do you believe this of the Protestant Bible?"

"Certainly ; there is little difference."

"I am glad you feel so, to start with," said Jerry.

"You will allow the Catholic Church to be the first," the priest replied.

"Yes, if you leave the Roman out," Jerry answered. But the priest took no notice of that.

"Christ said," Jerry went on, "that the gates of hell should not prevail against His Church. Now, if the gates of hell have prevailed, Christ was a liar. The gates of hell have not prevailed. The first Church was made up of the twelve apostles. One of these was a traitor ; but the gates didn't prevail then, and haven't since. Have you ever read the history of Rome ? Well, they were fearfully wicked in Luther's time. They themselves acknowledged that the Church was corrupt and needed reformation. But still the Church did not go down. Do you believe Luther was a good man ?"

"He could not have been," said the priest, "for no man is good who breaks his vows."

"A bad vow is better broken than kept,"

said Jerry ; but the priest did not reply to that.

"Do you believe in the Mass?" said the priest.

"No, I never read of the Mass or Confession in the Bible. It is most degrading to bow down before a fellow-man to worship him."

"You are not required to do that. We take the sins on us, and stand between you and God."

"Then you stand in place of Christ. Now God tells us to go into our closet and pray in secret, and He will reward us openly."

The priest replied, "But does not James say, 'Confess your faults one to another?'"

"Yes," said Jerry, "that is just what we do in our prayer-meetings. When we have been led into sin we say so, and repent and come to Jesus and testify of His willingness to receive us."

"Well, that's right."

"And now," said Jerry, "while we are on this point, you have as good a right to confess to me as I have to confess to you. 'Confess one to another,' the Bible says. Then what do you do with these verses: 'There is none other name given under heaven

among men whereby we can be saved,' and, 'There is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus?' You presume to be the mediator. You take my sister's sins, for instance, on yourself, you say, and bear them to God."

Then Jerry told him of his experience. He said :

"I have been a drunkard and a thief, one of the wickedest men that ever lived. I have been in State-prison, and yet this Jesus, who is despised in your Church, has picked me out of the gutter, has washed and cleansed and saved me. But you say all the Protestants will be damned."

"Oh, no," said he "no ; I believe that every good Protestant will go to heaven ; but the turn-coats ; they will surely be lost."

"My sister can tell you what a bad man I was, and what has been done for me. According to your theory, this is just to fit me for hell, and it must be the work of Satan."

"Satan often becomes an angel of light."

"Then he certainly has become a friend to me. But no, that is not so ; I am not a slave of Satan, I am a free man. Jesus has set me free, as the Bible says He will do for every one that believes in Him."



"We don't follow the Bible."

"What do you follow?"

"The traditions of the Church."

"I didn't come here to argue, Father G., but to convince my sister of the truth. I am not afraid of the priest. The Lord has opened my eyes. Your people are afraid of you. You will lie to benefit the Church; but God has said, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'"

Referring to this incident, Jerry says:

"I talked fearlessly and faithfully to him. My heart was full of peace and joy, and I believe the Lord that night fulfilled His own Word and made the weak and foolish things to confound the mighty."

## CHAPTER X.

### SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

**T**HIS chapter will not be understood by those who are living in luxury. It is only those who live by faith that can fully appreciate it. It is not living and working by faith when there is an income. He says

As we made it a rule to neither beg nor run in debt, our finances would frequently run low, and we found ourselves more than once with little in the treasury; then again, we would feel rich when we found we had \$10.00 in cash. We borrowed no trouble about finances, but trusted wholly in the Lord.

Before the cold weather set in the workers prayed earnestly for the winter's supply of coal. Two business men, one of whom had

been converted but a few months before at the mission, felt moved to send in a thank-offering to the Lord. The other had been for many months a devoted worker there. Said the first: "Let us join and send them coal enough to last the winter months." The thought was of God, before whom the earnest prayer had just gone up. It was done, and all trouble on that score was settled.

On another occasion a gas bill came in, and there was not a cent in the treasury; but it was taken to the Father, to whom belongs the silver and the gold. In the course of the day a letter was received containing just the amount of the bill, and the car-fare of the messenger who should go to pay it.

One night we found the mission without a cent, and forty odd tramps to feed and nothing to offer them.

It was a time to test my views, for I had declared I would let the Lord have His way, and whenever He ceased to provide, I would accept it as an evidence that He did not want us to go on, and as He supplied our necessities, would consider He was pleased to have us continue.

I felt for those poor hungry men. Some of them had probably not tasted a bit of

food for two or three days; they had no money to help themselves, and when they came on Saturday night we usually kept them over Sunday, but on this night we were broke.

We proceeded to the mission room and commenced the services, and some souls were saved.

But even when nine o'clock had come, strange to say no one had handed us a penny.

As the meeting drew to a close and nothing came, oh, how dark everything looked; my faith trembled.

I could hardly keep from crying as I looked into the hungry faces of my poor tramps and converts.

I spoke to my wife about them, and she replied:

"The Lord will provide; you see if He don't!"

I closed with a heavy heart and dismissed the meet. g, and my wife took her position at the door, as usual, to shake hands with the folks as they went out. A lady passed out with her husband, and after going five or ten yards suddenly stopped, and coming back to my wife, said, "Mrs. McAuley, we

keep a baker's shop in Cherry Street, and I just happened to think you had better send up and get five dollar's worth of bread !"

There was God's hand in answer to prayer, and we soon had enough for all and some to spare.

Another time we had used our last cent. We said nothing about it in the morning, but prayed secretly for the dear Lord to interpose for us. Meeting was dismissed. Shortly after the people began to leave, a man came in from the street and handed me a package.

I opened it, and to my astonishment found one hundred dollars in it. The sight of it nearly took my breath away.

I looked at it a moment, and then at the poor fellow who brought it, and finally said :  
"Where in the world did you get this ?"

"A man gave it to me outside, and told me to hand it to you," he replied.

"Who was he ?" I asked, as I turned it over and looked at it on every side to see if there was not something wrong about it.

"I don't know," said the man, who now seemed as much surprised as I was. "A man out on the sidewalk handed it to me and

said, 'Here, hand that to Jerry;' that's all I know."

I counted it again; it was all there, one hundred dollars! "Whew!" said I "we'll never be poor again!"

Thus the Lord always interfered, but generally not until we were actually or pretty nearly dead broke and really needed it, proving Himself a present help in time of trouble.

In October, 1874, something happened that proved how God will take even our ignorance and blunders and make them to glorify Him, if we are only honest in trying to serve Him.

It was thought best to get out a report of the Mission in order to let people know what we were doing. We could not afford to get out an annual report, and so we had to make one for every two years answer. This was rather new business to me, and considering it a big undertaking, I thought it ought to be done on a large scale. So I ordered ten thousand copies printed!

When I spoke of it to others interested they were taken all aback, and were almost indignant, and said:

"Ten thousand copies! Why, Jerry, what are you thinking about? Where is the

money to come from to pay for such an amount of printing?"

Of course I felt bad, and told them it was new business to me, and that I had done the best I could. They acted as though they felt that my being sorry would not pay the bills, and were only half satisfied.

In my trouble I remembered him who had never failed me when I trusted Him. So I said, "Well, never mind; I have faith the Lord will send some one to pay it."

I was determined now to make the best of it, and that as long as we had them on our hands to pay for, they should not be idle; so after considerable thought I struck a novel plan to use them.

I persuaded brother Charles Anderson to help me, and we went up town on a pilgrimage to get them among the Churches. We started out, each with a great pack of reports on his back.

We failed to lighten our burdens at the sanctuaries, with, I believe, three exceptions—Dr. John Hall's, Dr. William Taylor's, and Dr. Booth's Churches, where they let us leave some.

I approached the sexton of Dr. Hall's and told him what I wanted, and begged him to

assist me. I said : "You know we are poor and trying to do good, yet hardly able to live along ; by just giving your consent to let me lay these in the pews before the people come you may do a great deal of good."

He made no objections after a little, and going in I distributed them in the different pews, and took my departure, leaving results with the Lord. The next day a carriage drove up to the mission door and two ladies stepped out.

I had been praying for help, for I thought I had done some terrible thing and was awfully burdened over getting the little Mission in debt.

As I saw them entering my heart jumped up into my throat. Faith said : "There's an answer to your prayer." "No," thought I, "that can't be, for they have not had time to read the reports yet, unless they did so while the doctor was preaching, or as soon as they reached home, which did not seem likely."

They came in and began to talk with me, and I saw from their words that they had seen the inside of the pamphlet.

They handed me fifty dollars each and departed, refusing to give any names. I was happy. "What a miracle! One hundred



dollars ! Whew ! Whew ! Three cheers !" said I, hardly able to hold myself in ; "we're safe now. Here's the money. Hurrah !" I needn't add that my wife and I had a little praise meeting all by ourselves right away.

A young lady named Miss S——, a member of Dr. John Hall's Church, also found the report in her pew, and turning over the leaves carelessly saw something that attracted her attention, and, as she told us afterwards, she soon became so interested she didn't get a word of the doctor's big sermon, and before the meeting closed she made up her mind to come down and see for herself.

She got an escort and came to the old tumble-down Mission. After attending a number of the meetings she became deeply interested about her own soul's salvation.

One Sunday night she was there and we had a wonderful meeting ; the Lord bared His arm there that night in power ; everybody felt it, and there were many tears and sobs as God touched heart after heart in that room.

While the meeting was in progress, Miss S—— slipped a beautiful cluster diamond ring from her finger, and at the close of the

service she passed it quickly into my wife's hand and whispered earnestly,

"Here, Mrs. McAuley, take this and sell it for the good of the Mission. Do pray for me, won't you? I'm an awful wicked sinner!"

We were surprised; such a well-dressed young lady an awful sinner! and coming to be saved! Why, that was worth more than all the diamond rings in the world!

We talked with her the best we could, and she said as she left us that she would call next evening about tea-time.

She came as she promised, and after some talk about spiritual things she knelt down alongside the old sofa and we prayed for her, and before she arose she gave her heart to Christ. All she could say was, "I'm very unworthy, but if the Lord can condescend to take me, I will take Him as my Saviour."

She arose from her knees simply trusting in the Lord. The hour for meeting had now arrived, and as we started to go down stairs to the chapel, she said, "You must not ask me to speak in the public congregation; if you should, it seems to me I should faint."

"All right," I answered, "if you faint, I'll have some one ready to pick you up."

We went into the chapel and opened the meeting. I had scarcely had time to sit down, when we were all amazed to see Miss S—— jump to her feet and with glowing words testify to Christ's power to save. The Lord blessed her in the act and blessed her testimony to the good of others.

She has continued faithful, and has acted in an efficient manner as a volunteer missionary wherever she has resided since.

The ring, we were afterwards told, cost her three hundred dollars, but the Lord gave her the signet-ring of adoption, worth a thousand times more than all the diamonds in New York.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SAVED SOULS SPEAKING.

FROM a little booklet by Wm. R. Bliss, "Down in Water Street Every Evening," the following experiences are found :

After a service of song, a season of prayer and reading of the Scriptures, Jerry would begin the meeting with words something like these :

"The meeting is now open for testimonies. Every one who wants to speak for the Saviour can have one minute to speak in. There are a good many here that have got reason to testify what the Lord has done for them. Now don't be afraid to do it ! Stand right up, young converts ! Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father in heaven.' Stand

up and confess Him, and it will give you a good boost toward heaven every time you do it. Speak short, or you'll rob somebody else of a chance ; long-winded speeches will kill a meeting quicker than lightning ! If any of you feel like making a long speech, just cut off both ends and give us only the middle of it !

"I'll tell you my experience, and I won't be long about it. This blessed Jesus saves me. He saves me to-night from being a drunkard, and a gambler, and a thief, and a fraud, and everything else that you can put in. He saved me eleven years ago ; and He saves me more to-night than He did then, because I've grown in grace. Bless His holy name forever ! When I tell you that Jesus saves me, I mean just what I say ! There's no sham about it ! I don't tell you I was a drunkard, and a thief, and a fraud, to glory in it. But I want you rough men to understand what Jesus has done for me. Yes, when I was such a miserable sinner that I hadn't a friend, this blessed Jesus picked me up out of the mud, and saved me from desiring to do those things which I had been doing. And He saves me now. Who

wouldn't love the name of Jesus ? The meeting is open."

A longshoreman said :

"Jesus saves me to-night from being a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, and every sinful habit. He has taken the desire for sin away from my heart, because I ask Him to do it every day. A little more than six years ago I and my wife were good-for-nothing drunkards. What we had on our backs when we first came into this Mission, put together, wouldn't have fetched fifty cents in a junk shop. Blessed be God, it isn't so now ! If you knew what my home was six years ago, and could see it to-night, you'd say I've got out of hell into heaven ! My old friends alongshore told me they'd give me to hold on until I'd got a dollar to spend. But, blessed be God, I haven't gone back yet ! What is there to go back to ? Jesus keeps me, and He has sweetly kept me and my wife for six years and a little more. Every promise in the Bible has been fulfilled in my case. Although I used always to steal sugar regularly from vessels I was discharging, I haven't stolen the value of one pin from any man for more than six years, and haven't desired to !

Blessed be God for this salvation ! Christian friends pray for me."

His wife followed, saying :

"Six years ago there was never a more degraded sinner than I was, to my shame be it said. My home was a drunkard's hovel, and the principal thing there was the rum bottle. I kept coming to this Mission, but there was so much Romanism rooted and grounded into me that it took a long time for me to be willing to let Jesus in. But I can now say, to the glory of God, that my sins are all forgiven, and the past is under the blood. In the place of the rum bottle we have the Bible in our home, and it isn't kept for ornament ; and if God calls us at any time, we are all packed up and ready to go."

A steam engineer, accustomed to earn fifty dollars a month, who for ten years spent all his earnings in the rum shops, said :

"I do thank God that I ever came into this Mission. It has made a man of me ! I knew about it for years before I came in ; but I preferred to spend my evenings in those places on the corners over there. I never had a white shirt, nor an overcoat, nor any comfort or happiness, before I came here, although I had money enough. I hadn't writ-

ten my mother for nine years, but when I began to come here I wrote to her about it. I earn less wages now than when I was serving the devil; but I have got more, because I don't use it to support the rum-sellers, and I don't spend any of it in sin. Jesus saves me and keeps me every day; and oughtn't I to be thankful for it?"

A graduate of Dartmouth College, said:

"It is not long that I have been coming to these meetings. When I think of what I am now and what I was last summer, I am astonished. I had nothing then. I have everything that I need now. When my last cent was gone I told my companion if he would go and sell my old linen coat we'd take a drink with the money. When he brought me the money I thought we had better get something to eat, as we had not had anything for two days. So we went and got two bowls of soup. That night we strayed into this Mission and I have not drunk any liquor since. The other day I met my old companion, and he wanted to treat me. 'What will you take?' said he. Said I, 'I'll take a box of paper collars, as I need some; but no more rum for me. The Lord Jesus has saved me and I desire to serve Him.' "



A young printer said :

"I am only twenty-two years old. I was a drunkard four years in Albany, and Boston, and this city. Being a compositor by trade, I got work wherever I went. But my wages went all for drink, and at last I became an inmate of a low den in Chatham Square. For months I scarcely left it ; when I got stupidly drunk I went into the back room and slept on the floor, with forty and fifty others like myself. My bed was a couple of newspapers, and a cheese-box for a pillow. I was going in such a way that I'd have turned up my toes in a month or two longer, if I hadn't come in here. One Sunday evening I thought I would go down here and listen to the singing. When the invitation was given to come forward for prayers, I went. And I went a good many times afterwards. I was a Roman Catholic, and it seemed hard work for me to get changed. But at last Jesus extended His hand, and led me out of darkness into light. He keeps me daily by simply trusting Him."

A steamship officer said :

"I thank God for ever having let me come to this Mission. When I was a youth I went to sea, and soon learned to sin ; I used to get

drunk, and had a sore head and a sore heart all the time. I didn't have a friend in the world. I never lived right until God led me into this place. When I gave Jesus my heart He saved me from my sins, and they are no more to me. He has taken everything wicked out of my desires. Jesus is my Saviour, and I don't do the things I used to do, because He saves me. I know it is good to be a servant of Jesus. I know it is hard to be a servant of the devil. Since I've been serving God I've never had to look for a ship. I ought to be thankful, indeed and I hope you will pray for me. I'm far from what I ought to be."

A truckman said :

"My testimony to-night is that Jesus saves me. I had a good home once, and a good mother who prayed for me. But I slammed the door in her face ; and for nine years I gave all my earnings to the gin mills, and had to go a-begging and to prison. I heard about this Mission one night in a thieves' den in the Bowery. I wasn't sober when I first came in here. The clothes I had on—some belonged to my father and some to my brother. I didn't suppose I was worth saving. I didn't know that anybody cared for

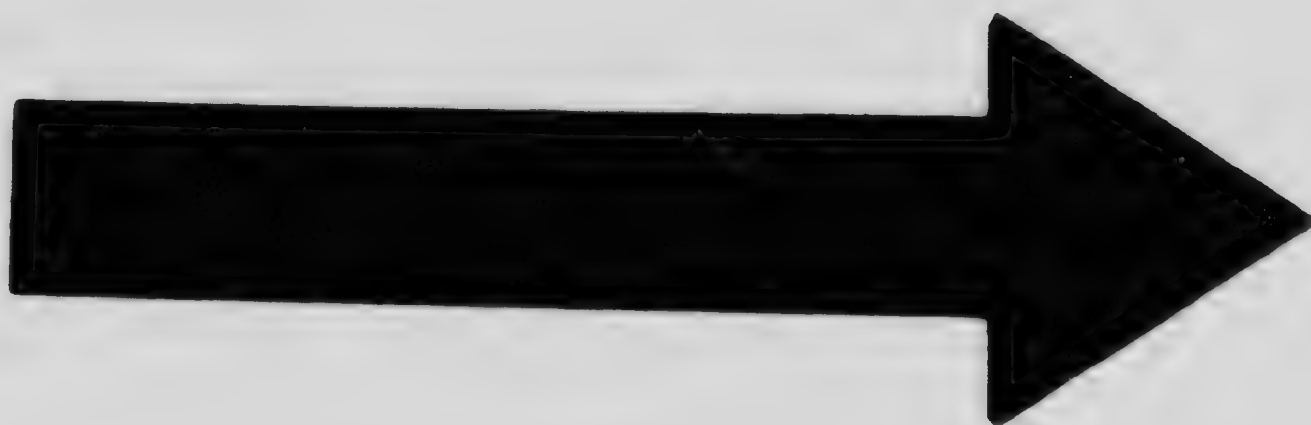
me. I heard the testimonies of men who had been drunkards and thieves, like as I was. I thought I'd try to get this salvation ; and I did. I went out of here that night a sober man. Some ladies at the door shook hands with me and asked me to come again. It touched my heart. I hadn't received any such kindness since I left my mother. For nearly three years now I've had the evidence in my heart that I am saved. I have been living careless lately ; but by the help of God I'll live so no more."

One from behind the bars, said :

"I am one of those Christ came to save. When I first heard the testimony of these men here, telling how they were drunkards and thieves, and all that, I wasn't sober myself. I sat off there by the door. But I heard what the men said, and I said to myself, 'That's my life to a cent !' I was arrested in the street right opposite here, and I got five years in Sing Sing. I got the shower-baths, and the ball and chain, there. I was with a lot of fellows that tried to escape from prison on a raft. We got caught. One of 'em was shot. If I'd been shot I know I'd been in hell to-night. When he was a-dying he asked me to pray for him. I didn't know

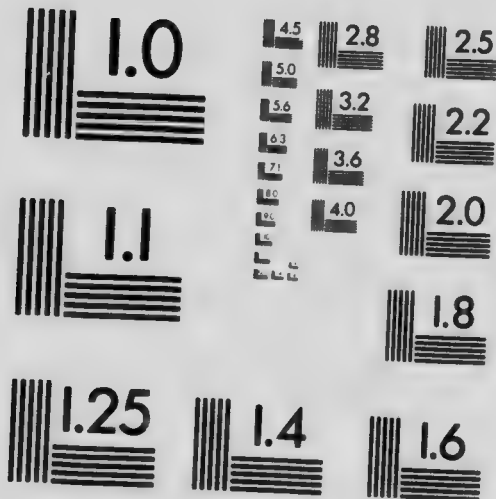
how to pray. Never prayed in my life till I came into this Mission ; and when I was invited I bounced right up for prayers. I didn't wait. Jesus heard my prayer, and I feel He has saved me. I know it. I like to come to the front and tell it now, because there are some fellows coming here that's just the kind I was, and I know Jesus can save 'em from their sins if they want to be saved. I never was happy till Jesus saved me."

An old woman with an Irish accent, said :  
"This blessed Jesus saves old women too ! I was a drunken old thing, and told lies, and lived in a dirty hole, and had nothing. Thanksgiving night my four years was up since I first came in here. I was drunk then, but I haven't been drunk since, and never will be, God helping me ! The Almighty God is good to me in everything. He sent me a turkey Thanksgiving Day, with money tied to the end of it, and I had turkey for seven days. When I came to Jesus I hadn't two cents in my pocket. Now, blessed be God ! I've got a clean home, and a carpet, and pictures, and I wouldn't be ashamed to ask any lady to come in there ; and I've got clean heart inside, too ! But I have to watch and pray. Mr. McAuley told me never to go



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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to my bed without praying to the dear Jesus that saves us all, and to pray every morning; and I do. If there's anybody here that don't love Jesus, they can't do better than kneel down and pray to Him. Jesus can save you, and He can take care of you, too."

A young man with tears in his eyes, said :

"When I first came in here I wasn't fit to be seen. I was a perfect wreck. Nobody would have anything to do with me—not even my family, I was such an outcast. But Jesus has saved me, and kept me now nearly two years. What a Saviour that is who takes you up after everybody else has thrown you down! I'm so thankful to Him! I wonder at myself when I think of the change the blessed Jesus has made in me and my home. He has given me a home that's a perfect heaven on earth!"

A man, who spoke with difficulty, said :

"I was brought up with the roughest men; there was a gang of twelve of us; three of 'em have been hung. I lived right around here; knew all about sin; never knew anything about God; didn't care. Got up and went to bed just the same every day. Sometimes I was cruising round all night. I had a little boy that died. I loved my boy; never loved

anything so much. I felt bad when he died; sat looking at him in the coffin, and thought about death. Then somebody came along and gave me a little book that told about this Mission. I read two pages of testimonies; I began to think about God. I came here to get that same religion. I've been coming ever since. I was in the house that stood here in '49—a dance house. I was a boy thirteen years old then. Thank God, I have a Saviour now for twenty-one months. I'm sending my children to school to learn what their father didn't know. I'm fetching up my children in the fear of the Lord."

A stranger said :

"I never was in here before, but going by the door I heard the singing, and thought I'd come in. I believe the Holy Spirit is working in me, and gives me courage to stand up. I had a good, praying mother. I ran away from her nineteen years ago, when I was seventeen years old, and I haven't seen her since. I've been a drinker, and a wanderer all about the world. These testimonies touch my heart. I feel a desire to live a better life. I want to ask you to pray for me that I may be saved."

A young man, well educated, said :



"I never knew what it was to be poor, until I became a drunkard. I have been a journalist ; for several years I was a proof-reader in the Government Printing Office at Washington. I lost my position through the use of alcoholic drinks, and when I first came into this room—well, a scarecrow, with any respect for his calling, would have blushed at me ; would have left his place in the corn-field and walked out when he saw me coming ! I had been on a spree for seven weeks ; was in rags, houseless, homeless, and friendless. I am impressed with the sincerity and earnestness of the testimonies I heard here. I found sympathizing friends here. To-night I rejoice in a Saviour, and have in my heart the evidence of sins forgiven. I am now eight weeks old in the Christian life, and I pray that I may be faithful to the end."

Another said :

"It is now nearly eight weeks since I gave my heart to God ; and when I remember all His loving kindness to me, my heart is full. I was a miserable drunkard, cast off by my family, and had no object in life except to get money to spend for liquor. I came here from curiosity one evening, and, being

vividly impressed by the testimonies, I went forward when the invitation was given, and on my knees asked God to forgive me for the past. He mercifully heard my prayer. He has taken the desire for strong drink away from me, and given me assurance that I am one of His children. Jesus is very precious to me every day."

Another convert said :

"I shall never forget the night when I first entered this door, all broken up, good for nothing, without hope and without friends. I had been serving the devil for forty-two years. I graduated number one in this school. What did he do for me? He left me without five cents in my pocket. I see some of my old companions standing near the door there now. You needn't drop your heads down ; you needn't feel ashamed to be here ! It was here I first found hope and encouragement.

"If you will give me an extra minute, I would like to tell a short story connected with my new life :

"About twelve months ago a motherless girl, only fourteen years of age, whose father was a drunken outcast on the streets of New York, became a Christian. Soon after, she

called on a Christian lady, and said, 'I have read in the Bible that where two or three are met together in Christ's name, there He is also. I want to ask the privilege to have a prayer-meeting in your house every morning before I go to school, to pray for my father; and as God may not know whose father we are praying for, let us repeat his name in every prayer.' For months they prayed, but God did not answer. At last, on the night of the 28th of Sept., 1879, that father wandered into this Mission, and knelt weeping in penitence, asking God, for Christ's sake, to pardon his sins. That child was my daughter, and to-night I thank God that I have found the way of salvation."

A marble-polisher said:

"It will take a long time to tell what Jesus has done for me. It's nigh three-and-twenty months since I first came into this Mission. I wasn't sober then. I had just stolen the last penny my wife had in the house. When I came in that door, I thought I was coming to a sing-song place. My oldest girl, eleven years old, never slept on a bed until after I came here. The children laid down on a bundle of rags in the corner and got up ready-dressed in the morning, because they

slept in their clothes. You ought to see my wife and children now, if you want to know what a change the religion of Jesus has made in my home. To-night Jesus saves me from being a drunkard, a gambler, and a thief. I thank God that I am now what He intended me to be, an honest laboring man. I can go through the streets to-night a free man in Christ Jesus."

A young man said :

"When I first came in here I was almost dragged up to the front ; but I'm glad to come to the front now. I'm so glad this religion is free to all. I'm so glad it's as good for the drunkard as for the moral man. When God called Noah to make the ark, He done it just as much for the mosquito as for the elephant. When my mother died I was drunk. I went to look at her dead body. I kissed her cold lips, but I couldn't shed a tear. But when Jesus showed me my heart I could cry. I was in prison Thanksgiving Day a year go. But now Jesus saves me, and feeds and takes good care of me."

A young man with emotion said :

"I shall never forget Thanksgiving night, 1879, when I first came in here. I was a drunkard. If I ever had a good thought I

took a drink to wash it out. I found friends and the Saviour here. Now I'm drinking from heaven, and don't thirst any more."

Another said :

"I can testify to-night for Jesus, that His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Another said :

"When I came into this Mission, two years and eight months ago, I was a poor lost drunkard. I hadn't hardly any shoes on my feet. Now I'm not in want of shoes or anything else. I can't thank the dear Jesus enough for what He has done for me. He gives me peace and joy in my heart all the time."

A man employed in Jersey City said :

"My dear friends, I once led a wild and reckless life. I came into this Mission three years ago and gave my heart to my Saviour. I erected a family altar in our home. It is a regular little paradise now. We always used to have a fight and tumble down before we went to bed. Now we always have prayers."

His wife said :

"I thank God for the patience He had with me in my wicked life, and for saving me now. I praise His holy name to-night, and I pray that He will always keep me humble."

A man, about fifty-four years old, who had spent more than half his life in eleven different English and American prisons, said:

"This blessed Jesus saves me from being a thief. My parents were thieves. When I was eight years old I was in the same prison with my mother and aunt. I was transported to Van Diemen's Land for seven years, and I've got on my back the marks of the floggings I received there, nigh forty years ago, for trying to run away. I kept on stealing, and was sent to Australia for ten years ; and when I got out I was stealing again, and they sent me to Gibraltar for five years. I was three years in a solitary cell, and never came out ! God gave me health and strength, and in all the times I was coming out of prison I tried not to steal any more, but I had stealing on the brain. When I came into this Mission, on the 18th day of March, 1878, I was just down from Sing Sing, where I had been doing four years. But God has taken the desire for stealing out of my heart and put a better desire there ; and I haven't had a thought to steal since. I am trying to serve God now. I ask interest in all your prayers."

The testimonies ended, Jerry again spoke

and gave an invitation to all persons tired of sin who wished to live a better life, and to all backsliders, to stand up and come forward to the platform for prayers. He would say something like this :

"We're going to have prayers now. Don't you want to be saved to-night? Who'll stand up for prayers? There's one; there's two; three; there's another! Don't be afraid to stand up. It don't make any difference what kind of clothes you've got on. Satan is telling some of you not to do it. He holds you back. I tell you Satan is no friend of yours. He goes round putting up all sorts of jobs on sinners; and he makes it pretty hot sometimes. You can't get the best of him! You've got to call upon the Lord for assistance if you want to get rid of your bad habits, and you've got to keep asking for it till He gives it. He won't be long about it. 'Ask and you shall receive,' is what He says. We need His help, every soul of us, great and small. When I see people who think themselves smart and cunning, dabbling in sin and forgetting God, I wonder they ain't suddenly snapped off, squelched just where they are! They all need help. Put 'em all in a bag—the rich sinners and the poor sin-

ners—and shake 'em up, do you think there'd be any difference in 'em when they came out?

"You hear some people saying the Bible is a sham, and religion is all a hoax. Well, it may be to them, but it's God's power to me. Yes! Look at me, friends! Once I was a loafer and a rough. Never knew what it was to be contented and happy. Head on me like a mop; big scar across my nose all the time! I had an old red shir., and a hat that looked as if it had been hauled up out of a tar-pot! If I had a coat, it was one of the kind with the cuffs up here to the elbows! split open in the back! Latest style! D'ye see? You couldn't find any drunken rowdy on the corner worse-looking than I was. I cursed God! I held up my hands and cursed Him for giving me existence. Why had He put me in a hell on earth? Why had He made me a thief and a drunkard, while He gave other people wealth and pleasure? And then I suddenly thought that He had done none of those things. It was I that brought myself to what I was! Yes, I did it myself! I made myself a drunkard and a thief, and then went and accused God of it! Oh, God is good, my



friends! He is wise. He is merciful. If you want common-sense—and who don't—ask Him for it!

"Some people say, 'Ah, I'm too bad; God wouldn't give me a show.' That's all a mistake! He can save the vilest sinner! God will take what the devil would almost refuse! The worst people are welcome to Him. Didn't He save the thief on the cross.

"I know a man who came here into this place to lick another for saying, 'Jesus saves me.' Well, Jesus saved that very man himself. He came looking for a fight here, but the fight was all knocked out of him! God did it.

"He went away like a cur trembling in a sack, and he became a good Christian man, and he's a Christian now. That's the way it is. Jesus is willing to save every one who asks Him honestly to do it.

"My friends, I want to tell you that it pays to serve Jesus. He's a good friend. I used to hang around that rum shop on the corner; and they were glad enough to have me there as long as my money lasted. But when that was gone—'Jerry, take a walk! Take a walk around the block and cool off.'

"I felt the insult down in my heart. It

stung me. But I couldn't help it, I was such a slave to my appetite. I hadn't a friend in the world. But I can tell you it's not so now. I have had friends and everything I need since I began to serve Jesus.

"Just look at me! Do you think I look like a fraud now? I'm a new creature, inside and out! I'm honest, I'm clean, and respected, and happy! Why, those rich rum-sellers over there respect me now. They call me Mister McAuley! 'Good morning, Mr. McAuley!' They are very polite! D'ye see? I can go into a bank now, and the President will ask me into his private office while the big guns have to stand outside! 'Sit down, sir; what can I do for you?' And then he'll take me round and introduce me to the cashier! Ha! twelve years ago if he'd seen me coming into his bank he'd set the dogs on me, or send for a policeman to run me out! 'Fraid I'd steal all the money! Can't you see what the religion of Jesus has done for me? I tell you, the religion of Jesus makes a wonderful change in a man. I've got good friends, and a good home, and a good wife. And I've got money in my pocket, besides a clean heart full of joy and peace! The blessed Jesus has done it all.

"Do you want to know how to get those things? The Bible says how—'Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all those things shall be added unto you.'

'There was a time when I'd cut a man's throat for a five-dollar bill, and kick him overboard! Do you suppose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not? 'Cause I've got the grace of God in my heart! Jesus saves me, and He can save any man.

'There's not a poor homeless fellow here to-night that isn't welcome to salvation. Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' And the Bible says, 'He tasted death for every man.' Yes! Jesus died for every poor fellow that hasn't got any home or friends to-night! Won't you come to Him and let Him save you? Won't you come now?"

After this invitation some of the converts would canvass the assembly and encourage every one to come forward for prayers and unite in singing the penitential hymn :

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come."

Then they would all kneel down while one or two prayers were offered. Then each new-comer was asked to pray for himself. Fifteen or twenty poor, miserable men might be seen on their knees—a position in which most of them were never seen before.

To the suggestion to pray for themselves some of them would reply, "I can't !" "I don't know how !" "I never prayed in my life !" "I can't pray in English !"

But when told that Jesus understands all languages, and that prayer is only asking Him sincerely for what they most want, and that if the heart is right and honest the words are of little importance, because He looks at the heart and not at the lips they would exclaim, sometimes sobbing,

"O God, save me !"

"O God, have mercy upon me, a sinner !"

"O God, take away my appetite for rum !"

"O Jesus, I have been a very bad man, I want to do right ; help me !"

"O Lord, scratch out my sins, and keep them scratched out !"

"Make my bed in heaven, O Lord !"

"O Lord, forgive the past of my life ; and bless my aged mother to-night, who don't know where I am !"

Others, not knowing what to say, have repeated something which was taught them in childhood by religious parents. Evidences of early religious instruction are often revealed by the suppliants on these occasions—even by men who have become gray-haired in sin.

Among the wretched men who for the first time prayed for themselves, was one who repeated the Lord's Prayer, another repeated a part of the Apostle's Creed, and another, the infant's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.

These words—reminiscences of a time, long ago, when a loving mother watched over him and prayed for him—may be supposed to represent what the man in his penitence wanted to say, but did not know how.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ARRESTED.

JERRY knew what Paul meant when he said he fought with beasts at Ephesus. He had much opposition from evil men. It should not be a surprise to those who read this chapter.

When the every-night meetings commenced, then also began our troubles, for the devil woke up. Crowds of the lowest people used to come to the door to disturb the meetings, throwing brickbats and garbage, and anything they could lay their hands on, into the room. The police gave us no protection at that time, although I saw the captain time and again, but to no purpose.

During the early history of the Mission there were two notorious dens directly oppo-

site our place, on the other side of the street. These were inhabited by a rabble of the lowest order, and they used to gather together and yell and make all sorts of unearthly noises to disturb the meetings. We found out one day to our great satisfaction, that some wealthy men had purchased the property where these dens stood, and that they were to be torn down and two new houses built in their places. We congratulated ourselves that this was a good thing for us, and a cause for thanksgiving. How little we knew what trouble it was to bring us into, even before the houses were built !

Many of the workmen employed on them were a hard lot of drinking, boisterous fellows. Every one that passed along the street was at their mercy, and their language was filthy and brutal beyond description.

A young, well-dressed man was passing one day, and one of them turned the hose on him and flooded him with water. He resented the insult, and hard words began to fly back and forth.

A crowd soon gathered, and after considerable talk the laborer threatened to knock out the young fellow's brains with a pickaxe, and the latter dared him to do it. I was

standing in the door of the Mission, looking quietly on, when, as the workman raised himself, likely as not to split the young man's head open, his eye caught sight of me.

Whether he thought I was in the way of his taking vengeance on the stranger, or whether he was loaded with bitterness on account of what he had heard about the Mission, I do not know, but in a moment he turned all his venom upon me.

"What are you looking at, you dirty turncoat, you miserable hypocrite, you?" he yelled, and followed with a torrent of foul words.

I was astonished and said to him, "See here, you must remember we are not all of us bad here, and if you don't shut up that foul mouth of yours, I'll take you to the station house."

"Come over here, you," he yelled in fury, adding a lot more of his vile words. Then I walked over and caught hold of him by the collar. I had a deputy sheriff's badge, and had the right to make arrests.

As I grabbed him his pal slipped up behind me, and swinging his great heavy shovel over his shoulder, was about to hit me. But I gave the fellow I had hold of a shove, and



landed him into a great pile of loose sand brought there for building purposes, and while he was scrambling and floundering to get out I piled the other fellow on top of him.

It was enough to make any one laugh to see those fellows trying to get out of the soft sand, and afraid all the time I was going for them again. Seeing a policeman I beckoned to him, and ordered him to arrest the scoundrel who began the row. He was about to do so when another policeman came running up. He took in the situation, and whispered something in the first one's ear. It was only a word, but it acted like magic.

The M. P. dropped his prisoner, and without a word grabbed me by the collar and arrested me as the offender. Of course I made no objection to going with him, though I knew he had no business to arrest a man wearing a badge and in the performance of his duty.

How delighted the rabble were; and the policemen, entering into their spirit, gave them a good chance to gloat over their seeming victory, by walking me as slowly as possible down that wicked street to show me up. "There he goes," yelled one. "See the dirty

turncoat! "Bad luck to the likes of ye!" screamed another, and so on, with oaths, curses and blasphemies.

We reached the station house, and the joy of the officials over catching such a troublesome fish was plain enough.

One of the workmen made the complaint that I struck the other on the nose and knocked him down. "Is that so?" said the sergeant; "did he hit you? Show me the marks." "Him lave any marks on me! I'd knock his brains out," was the reply. "Arrah, go lang wid ye! Faith he did," insisted the complainant; and they were near coming to blows between themselves, and made the place ring with their oaths and hard words.

They contradicted each other so that the officials began to look blue as the hopes of making out a case against me died away. The foreman of the building now interfered and said:

"I saw the whole thing. My men have been drinking a little too much;" and then he described the affair as it was, concluding by saying, "I didn't see him strike either of them."

With this the Captain boiled over as he

saw I was going to slip through his fingers after all, and shaking his fist under my nose he called me all manner of names, and said :

"I'll lock you up, anyway. I'll break up that old nuisance of a Mission for you. It keeps the whole place in an uproar. I'll send you back to prison again, where you belong. That old Mission is a nuisance."

"He has a shield on, too, captain," interrupted the policeman ; "just look at him ! And he has a great big club down there at his ould Mission to knock men down wid."

At this the Captain grabbed me by the collar and tore my vest open, exclaiming, "I'll take it off you !"

I pushed him back, and raising my finger, said, "Captain, I dare you to put your finger on that shield !"

As I spoke he started for me again, but the opening of the outside door caught his attention, and there was my wife coming in. He did not know her, and growled :

"What can I do for you, madam ?"

"What are you going to do with that man ?" she questioned.

"What in —— is that to you ?" he retorted fiercely.

"A great deal, sir ! He is my husband !"

she answered calmly ; and I then interrupted them by saying to her :

"You go see Mr. Dodge or Mr. Hatch."

She hurried down to Mr. A. S. Hatch, who was one of our reliable stand-bys in time of trouble, and told him the story. Mr. Hatch was unable to leave his office just then, but he put her in a carriage and sent her to the Superintendent of the City Missions, with a note.

He went with her to Mr. William E. Dodge, Sr., and this noble man of God was all stirred up in a moment. "Jerry shall not sleep in that place one night if it costs \$50,000 to get him out," he exclaimed. "Not even if a special court has to be called immediately !"

My wife knew whose hands the case was in, and, as it was now after the time for meeting to commence, she hurried back to the Mission to look after things there.

Her heart was sad and heavy as she thought of me up in that old station house among those lions, and though she had committed me to God she could not help feeling anxious and somewhat cast down.

In this mood she came to the door of the Mission, and looking inside she started back

all in a heap. She has often since spoken of the peculiar feeling she had when, looking into the Chapel, she saw the meeting running in good style, and Mr. Jerry McAuley, if you please, sitting in his usual place, leading the meeting.

She could hardly believe her eyes, and giving them a good rub, took another look, and finally concluded that it was either her husband that she had left a short time ago in the hands of the sharks, or his ghost sitting there, or else that the whole thing had been a ugly dream from the beginning.

She knew she was wide awake, and as I didn't look very ghostly, she settled the matter quite readily in her own mind, and walked in with a hearty "Thank God !" and took part in the meeting.

This was the way I came to be released : The foreman's statements were hard to reconcile with what the drunken men had said, and what the officials would have been glad enough to prove against me ; and so after talking and planning and scratching their heads over it, the sergeant whispered to the others, "It won't do ; that commitment won't stand, so we'd better tear it up ;" and suiting

the action to the words, he demolished it and scattered it on the floor.

The foreman now interposed for his men, and said, "My men have been drinking some, sir ; but if you will let us go back to work now I'd like it." "Go on," replied the Captain ; and then, glaring at me like a wild beast cheated out of a good haul, he said fiercely, "Get out of here ! Get out !"

"I thought you were going to lock me up, Captain ?" I said, quietly.

"G-e-t o-u-t !" he yelled.

"I thought you were going to lock me up ?" I continued. "Now I dare you to do it ! Why don't you ?"

"G-e-t o-u-t !"

"Yes, I'll get out," I replied ; "but mark you, Captain, I'll be in this ward when you are turned out of it." And I was ; for shortly after this we heard that he was censured and fined, and then he resigned.

But he caused me a great deal of trouble before my prophecy came true ; for as soon as I got out of his clutches that time he picked out the very worst man he had on the force—a brutal, foul-mouthed fellow by the name of Fitch—and sent this "guardia . . . ;

my "protector," with orders from headquarters to keep him for just that post.

"Arrah, Jerry," he said, when he came on, "I'll make it hot fer yer!" and he kept his word.

The meetings continued to do good during all this time. The Lord poured out His blessing, souls were saved, and the devil seemed to grow more mad every day.

Seeing they could not get the best of us while we were looking at them, the rabble tried some new tactics, and would wait quietly until the meetings were started and going, when they would smash the windows.

Some one would be praying or talking when crash, would go a pane of glass. This continued until there was hardly a pane of glass left in the house. We wired them up and left but one exposed; this being toward the back of the building, near where the organ stood, had thus far escaped the fate of the others.

The meeting had commenced one afternoon, when bang, came a brickbat through the window, close by the musician's head.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as the brick whizzed past him, "what's that?"

"Oh, that's nothing," I replied quietly;

"they send whole paving stones sometimes ; that is only a piece of brick !"

"Hallelujah !" cried one of the audience ; "let them come ! The Lord is our Defence, so they cannot harm us !"

It was about this time that the houses opposite being finished, they were thrown open for tenants, and a man named Johnny Wagstaff—a wretched fellow—moved in. He came with two big car-loads of furniture, and strutting around made all the show he possibly could.

As he was about to go into the house with the last lot of goods some old acquaintance standing outside spoke to him, and he turned laughingly and said, "Oh, I thought I'd come down and keep Brother McAuley company."

We hated to have that rum-hole there, for we had prayed God that no such place should ever prosper there. We kept on praying, and Johnny found us a thorn in his flesh, for we cut off his customers and hindered his sales.

He fought hard, and was determined to beat us anyway if possible. I shall never forget one Fourth of July night. They had made up their minds to fix me and the "Ould Mission" that night anyway ; so they pro-



cured an old barrel and placed it in the middle of the street ; they then set a watch at the door, and as soon as anyone rose to testify they lighted a pack of fire-crackers and dropped them into the empty barrel.

Of course with the terrible racket they made a man could not hear his own voice. This seemed to promise to be a great success and break up the meeting entirely, and would have done so if a happy thought had not helped me out.

After they tried several times in vain to hear each other, I said to the congregation, "Now, I want you to watch me ; I'll select a hymn ahead of the time, and the moment I say 'Sing !' just sing with all your might, and when I say, 'Testify !' be ready and spring right up." A convert arose and opened his mouth, when bang ! bang ! bang ! went the fireworks in the barrel.

"Sing !" I shouted, and they fairly roared ; my ! what lungs they had, and you couldn't hear those old fireworks at all ! Just as soon as that pack was out I called, "Testify !" and a brother jumped up, and before they could get the next pack ready and rightly on fire he was through, and then we drowned the racket again with a grand old hymn.

I knew they could not keep this up forever on account of the expense, and soon they quit it and began to fire their Roman candles at the back of the house ; but we kept right on, and we never had a better meeting.

It was certainly a lively one all through, and as one expressed it afterwards, "We had a red-hot time."

Several were helped spiritually, and among others one soul was gloriously saved ! Johnny grew poorer and poorer, and after a while his trouble increased daily, and at last his wife died and he gave up.

He came into the Mission and I shook hands with him and talked to him kindly. He soon moved out, and it wasn't much trouble for him to move now, for instead of his car loads of furniture he had only an old scuttle partly full of coal. He died shortly afterwards, and the place was again "To let."

We carried the matter to God, and prayed Him to break up whoever came in there to sell rum ; and that prayer was heard, for fifteen or sixteen failed one after the other and moved out—several having lost all their money trying to do the Devil's work in that place.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### "SAVAGE."

THE police gave him much trouble. It was there as in many places, the officers of the law were the greatest transgressors. In this chapter he gives a short history of one of them whose name was Savage :

About this time I became so grieved over the desolation and wickedness all around us that my soul was stirred within me, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew it was my duty to do all I could to reach these poor fallen creatures and bring them to God, and thus check to some extent the Devil's work ; but it now seemed to me that some one ought to strike at the fountain head, and break up those miserable dives. I went to —, and he referred me to his agent,

——, and from him I went to a number of others. I was all stirred up, and could not sleep nights. I would toss on my bed, listening to the hideous sounds from the streets below—cries, groans, mad laughter, and broken snatches of songs, with occasional cries of "Murder! Murder!"

At daylight I would start out again to see if something could not be done to stop up those hell-holes, the cause of all the trouble. I received plenty of promises, and that was the end of it; until, finding I had worn out a pair of shoes and received no help, I became hopeless of doing anything in that way, and went for them the best I could on my own hook, trusting in God to strengthen me and give me success; and He did, until I kept the police headquarters so warm they hated to see me coming, and would say when I came with a new case, "There comes that McAuley again. Who in the world has he got now?"

The policeman who was now stationed on that beat soon began to let us know that his sympathy was with the rum-sellers and dives.

His name was Savage, and he was rightly named; for he was as great a savage as I ever saw. I had thought nothing could be

worse than Fitch had been, but this fellow was worse than all.

When he could not think of anything else to worry us, he would walk into the Mission room, in direct violation of his orders, while the meeting was going on, and stamp over to where we had a little shelf on which a Bible and a newspaper or two were usually found, and stamping as hard as he could with his great heavy boots, he would pick up a newspaper, throw it down again, and stamp, stamp, stamp, all the way back to the door, and if I would go for him, he would get out before I could get at him. I was standing in the door one night, while he stood outside with some of his friends, and finding he could not get in to disturb us without passing me, he commenced grinning to one of his pals.

"Ah, I'm not going to look after his ould Mission," said he, after throwing out a number of other slurs.

"Why, of course," I answered good and loud, "of course you won't; but if I'd sling you a couple of dollars occasionally, as all these miserable gin mills do, you'd watch for me, wouldn't you?"

He grated his teeth savagely, and dropped his hand to his club like a flash; but I start-

ed towards him, and looking him square in the eyes, said :

"If you dare to touch me with that club, it'll be the last job of the kind you'll ever undertake ! You haven't got that poor woman to club to death now !"

He started back astonished, and soon left me to myself. My blood was up, for I had in my mind a case which I will tell you about, to show what a brute he was and what kind of encouragement the poor fallen ones sometimes receive to help them to reform.

One of those poor unfortunate girls, under the influence of liquor, not knowing what she was doing, wandered out on the street and created some disturbance by singing. Savage went for her, and began clubbing her with his heavy night club.

It was not daybreak yet, and everything else was so still, we could hear her screams, and distinctly count the heavy blows of that terrible club--thug--thug--thug--like pounding a great ox.

I could not stay in bed, so, running to the window, I looked out to see if I could catch him at it. There was a great pile of mortar opposite us, where they were building the new houses, and just as I reached the window

he struck her and knocked her down into the mortar.

She stretched up both hands at arms, length, begging him not to kill her. He struck first one arm and then the other with his club, and they dropped, as if broken by the blows.

He then beat her out of the mortar and across to the curbstone on my side of the street ; when, as she made one more effort to regain her feet, he knocked her down with another blow, and she dropped on my cellar door. I dashed up the window, and called to him :

"Hold on there ? Why don't you take that woman in, if she's done wrong ? What do you want to kill her for, say ?"

"What's that your business ?" he answered, as soon as he recovered from the surprise caused by hearing my voice.

"I'll show you in the morning," I retorted. "Now you take her to the station house, or I'll make you pay dear for your brutality to a helpless woman."

He picked her up and started around the corner with her, and I went back to bed. I learned afterwards that she became so weak, no doubt from the clubbing, that she could

not walk ; so he called another policeman like himself, and when they found her unable to go without being carried, they fell to clubbing her again, first one striking her and then the other ; and those who heard it said her screams were terrific.

A man was clubbed to death on the same beat about this time, under very suspicious circumstances. Part of Savage's beat was traveled during certain hours of the night by a Dutch policeman.

The latter on going over his beat one morning, found, he said, the body of a man who had undoubtedly been clubbed to death and then thrown behind a box.

Savage blamed it on the poor Dutchman, and of course it would not do for me to say the former did it, as I had no personal knowledge of the fact.

I take no pleasure in referring to these painful memories, but in order to rightly understand our struggles at that time you must know something of the obstacles we had to contend with, many of which were actually brought in our way by the very ones the city was paying to protect us !

During all this time the meetings were going on first rate.



But the opposition was not confined to the minions of the law.

It was a tremendous struggle to carry on this work under such difficulties, and as I look back to those stormy times I see the mighty hand of God leading and supporting me through it all. If it had not been for His all-sustaining grace I should have quit and got out of that wicked locality as fast as my legs would carry me, but He sustained me so fully that I did not even think to myself of giving up the fight.

There was a special policeman detailed to look after the Mission at night, but he soon proved as much an enemy as any, until I took his number and complained of him, and he was moved out of the ward.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### STRENGTH.

JERRY had a special fitness for dealing with wicked men who had no sence. He controlled them without doing them any violence. He could keep order in the services. He says :

A friend whose gifts were given by the wholesale had charge of the meeting one night and stood with the open Bible in his hand, reading.

I had not reached the chapel, but was on the stairs coming down. Mr. A. had just finished a sentence, and was about to read further, when a fellow let out an unearthly yell, like an Indian, "SILENCE !" he shouted, and Mr. A., who had never heard such an awful sound in his life, jumped as if he had

been shot, and nearly dropped the Bible from his hands.

I came in a second after, and could not think what was the matter. My wife kept nodding to me and pointing to the giant of a fellow who roared so.

I did not know anything about it, though I could see something had happened; but out of respect to the Book that Mr. A. was now reading again, I asked no questions.

In a moment or two we were startled by another unearthly yell, and I walked down to where this man sat. He was a perfect giant with great, broad, massive shoulders, and his red shirt, being open at the neck, showed the heavy matted hair on his breast, making him look like a lion.

I spoke to him kindly, and told him he would have to be good or go out, and informed him that we always insisted on good order.

He pointed over his shoulder to his chum sitting behind him, as much as to say that it was he that created the disturbance; but I paid no attention to his motions, but kept on talking to him. I then went back to my seat determined to keep an eye on him.

Mr. A. went on with the reading and

pretty soon I saw this bully drop his head, and in another minute he uttered that terrible yell for the third time. I knew I was in for it now, for if I let this fellow get the best of us our last hope of ever going on with our meetings undisturbed would be gone.

I thought of this, and then I looked at him, and knew that a row with such a great brute of a fellow was no joke ; but the work of the Lord was at stake, so I walked down to where he sat and told him firmly he must leave.

"Ah, go on!" he growled. "What's the matter wid you?"

"Come," I answered quietly, "you must go out, or I'll put you out."

He looked at me a moment, but made no move to do as I told him.

I then reached out and caught him by the collar, when he coolly threw his arms over the back of the seat, locking his hands together with a grip like a vise, and said, with a grin, "Go ahead, old fellow." I suppose he thought I could not lift him.

I ran my hand down to get a good hold of his shirt-collar, and surging back, I brought him to his feet, bench and all. I dragged him out into the aisle, but he clung to the

long bench till one end of it suddenly struck the ceiling and that broke his hold.

I grabbed him by the throat now, as he struck at me square from the shoulder and tried to hit me between the eyes ; but he soon found out that I had not forgotten all I knew of the "manly art" when I stopped his blows cleverly, and in return gave him another shove nearer the door, tightening my grip on his throat all the time.

He kept hitting at me like a madman, but failed every time to get a blow home on me, while in the meantime we were getting nearer and nearer the door.

When not striking at me he would clutch at anything and everything—the benches, the heads of those near him, whatever he could get a hold of—trying to stop his progress.

I felt the God of battles was my Helper, and I was bound to win. It was like a battle between the kingdoms of good and evil.

By the time we got to the door we were in such a fearful struggle that when we struck the doors—about two inches thick, and built of hard wood—we carried them clear off the hinges, and split one door all up.

By this time he was black in the face from

my grip on his throat, and he gasped, "Let go! I'll behave; l-e-t g-o! I'll be-have; l-e-t g-o, J-e-r--J-e-r-r-y."

"Ah," I said, as I gave him one more squeeze and a tighter one, and shoved him off. "Ah! ah! you great old coward, you're no man after all!" He begged hard and I let him go.

When we got out on the sidewalk where I had dragged him, I found it had been a put-up job; for across the street stood a lot of his chums shouting, "Give it to him, Jackson! Give ould Hallelujah Jerry fits!" but they did not try to help him.

"He won't give it to him, nor you either," I replied.

As soon as Jackson caught his breath he ran across the street where there was a new building, and he and some of the rest picked up bricks and prepared to brickbat me. I didn't give them time, but walking coolly over to them I said, "Ah, you cowards, drop those bricks—drop them!" and they did, and ran for their lives. I then saw two policemen standing looking on and laughing at them.

I then returned to the Mission, and joined in singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

which they had been singing all through the row.

Things went on about as usual after this, the would-be disturbers were a little more careful for fear of meeting with a similar defeat, for this man Jackson was one of the worst men in that worst of streets.

"After a while, however, another disturber came in and thought he would try a new trick on me. He made some disturbance, but I saw he had been drinking, and said, "Don't mind that poor fellow, friends; he has been taking a little too much gin."

"Not a drop of gin, Jerry," he replied. "Nothing but good ould bourbon whiskey."

I saw he had got to be bounced, so I started up a good hymn and went for him; when he saw me coming he laid right down on his back on the floor, thinking I couldn't get him out in that position. It may be he had heard how I put Jackson out, and took this way of getting the best of me.

"All right, young man," says I, "if you prefer going out that way, I've no objections;" and taking him by the collar on the back of his neck I dragged him down the aisle and out he went.

Few men have any idea of the terrible dens

with which this wicked locality was crowded. The basements were especially loathsome, several having particular names, such as "The Well," "The Man-trap," etc.

They were merely holes in the ground under the houses, tide backed in twice a day at high water. In each of these dark holes, without any window or outlet, with no sinks or anything in the form of an opening, for any purpose whatever; except the entrance from the street, from four to six girls or women, and as many men used to live.

From these death-holes the girls would come out and button-hole men as they passed by; sometimes they would snatch the hat from a sailor's head and dart back into their den.

If he was wise he would keep right on and let his hat go, for if fool enough to go inside it would be the worse for him; he would most likely be thrown out after being beaten and robbed, if not murdered, for sometimes men never came out of these holes alive. The inmates of these filthy dens died off rapidly, but their places were filled right away by others.

This terrible state of things weighed on my mind so that I could not sleep at night, but



tossed restlessly upon my bed, and I felt that to clear my conscience I must do something to break up these fearful places.

I found to my astonishment that the owner of the property where these places were kept was a rich man living on Broadway, and was considered a nice, respectable gentleman.

I went to him with my burden, but he paid no more attention to me than he would to the barking of a dog. I could not for the life of me understand how this fine gentleman could be so indifferent to things that seemed so terrible to me.

My astonishment was not so great when afterwards I found out that each of these holes brought him in from \$30 to \$40 per month.

Seeing that it was no use to expect anything from this man, I next applied to a well known society, and laid the matter before the agent. The latter was enthusiastic, and told me with perfect assurance he would attend to it right away, and "he would soon have Water Street as quiet as Fifth Avenue."

Encouraged by this I went home and waited to see what they would do.

I was becoming discouraged again when I didn't see anything of the tremendous clear-

ing out that had been promised, until one day on looking out of the window, I saw some policemen standing near the curbstone on the opposite side, staring up at the Mission.

My first thought was that the Mission was on fire, so I walked over and inquired, "What's the matter? Is it on fire?"

"No," one of them replied, "we were sent down here to watch the Mission."

I looked at them in astonishment; to watch the Mission, while here in broad sight, and within a few feet of them these wicked wretches were robbing and plundering everybody they could get hold of.

"Why," I exclaimed, as soon as I could control myself; "I did not want anyone to watch the Mission, but I want to break up these dens around here."

"Oh, we've got nothing to do but to obey orders," was the cool answer; "and all the orders we got was to come here and watch the Mission."

I finally went to another temperance man, paid him some money, but with no better results; but by this time I was learning how to attend to the matter myself, so having received some money from Mrs. Dr. Barnet

and another lady, and adding it to the little I had, I went to work.

I selected some of the converts to get the proper evidence as witnesses, and then would bring the parties into court, and having good clear testimony to actual offenses committed, I secured convictions, and thus broke up these dens one after another, until they became as scarce as they had once been plentiful.

But it was no easy matter, and I had to contend with a bitter opposition not only from the proprietors of the places themselves, but from their friends among the lawyers and others holding official positions; judges, lawyers, and some of the police authorities began to go for me, but knowing I was in the right, I fought on.

A lawyer whose name has been before the public a good deal lately, kept me on the witness stand for two hours and a half at one time, insulting and abusing me, in trying to clear a man named Dugan whom I had arrested. The facts of the case were as follows :—

This fellow (Dugan) kept a dive, and I went in and demanded to see his license in

order to secure evidence in this way that he was the proprietor.

The bartender replied, "The license is locked up in the safe, and can't be got till the man who has the key comes in." I knew this was a trick, for the law demands that the license shall be hung up in a conspicuous place, where anybody can see it. I waited patiently, until one day, while standing at the door with the policeman who was to be stationed at the Mission, I saw Dugan enter this dive.

I spoke to the policeman, and asked if he would go over with me.

"Certainly," he replied, and over we started. We had almost reached the door when he suddenly stopped and refused to go any further.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't want to get into a muss, for Dugan is a friend of the inspector, and he'd go for me."

"Ah, you old coward !" I replied ; and there I was, the laughing stock of the whole crowd of ruffians and degraded women who were looking on.

I was not defeated, however, in the attempt to arrest him, for shortly after this I had him

taken up and brought before the judge, and that was the time when I received the rough handling from the lawyer.

I not only had to put up with the abuse of the lawyers and others, but was bothered with repeated intentional delays. The case was called several different times, but each time there was some pretended reason for laying it over. Twice, or more, they pretended that Dugan was too sick to put in an appearance, and thus the thing was kept up to worry my life out.

My lawyer failed to do his duty, so in the end I lost the case.

Shortly afterwards Dugan was really taken sick, and growing worse, it looked as if he was going to die. I knew how he hated me, but I also knew he was now sick and in trouble, so I went over and knocked at his door.

"May I come in?" I asked kindly; "I do not want to intrude on you, but would like to come in if you will let me."

He recognized my voice, but nevertheless he answered faintly, "Yes, come in if you want to."

I entered, and after talking with him and his wife a short time, I prayed earnestly for

them, and held them up in the arms of faith to a sin-pardoning Christ, who never turned one poor, trembling soul away, and who loves even His enemies, and would do them good. They were much broken up, and wept freely, and I left.

Encouraged, I called again, and brought a beautiful, sweet bouquet of flowers. Again I called, and this time managed to secure a few peaches, they being very scarce at that season of the year, and brought them to him.

He seemed to appreciate my kindness, and was **more** broken than ever. We talked over matters, and, referring to his business of his own accord, he said he was sorry he ever engaged in the rum traffic : knew it was wrong, but once in he could not get out without losing everything he had, and this he had not the moral courage to do while in health and strength. He lingered a short time, and then died from exhaustion.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SOUL SAVING.

WHEN there was the greatest power in his meetings, was the time when he received the most opposition. He had many souls for his hire. He says :

Meanwhile the work of soul saving went on with wonderful success, and God's presence was manifested more and more.

There would be as many as twenty-five or thirty forward for prayers at one time, while the aisle would be crowded with those unable to get seats.

Still the meetings increased in interest and attendance until, there being no room inside, the people gathered around the door on the street.

We could not find standing room for more than half of those who wanted to get in.

The revival took effect for a while among the captains of the Baltimore freight-boat line, and became of considerable interest.

One captain by the name of B—— got converted, and also all of his crew excepting the cook.

One night his engineer, having heard from others, came to see for himself. The captain was there that night seeking help, and before the meeting closed the engineer became deeply convicted and knelt to ask God to forgive his sins.

While we were all on our knees some one whispered to me that Captain B. and his engineer did not speak to each other. "Is that so?" I answered, and getting off my knees I went to him and whispered :

"Captain, you must be an awful hypocrite!"

"Why? How so?" he replied in astonishment.

"Because you claim to be seeking the Lord, and yet you won't speak to so and so over there, and are holding hatred in your heart. Shame on you!"

He dropped his head, and leaving him I



went softly over to the engineer and whispered the same words to him.

It was but a moment when they both sprang to their feet at once, as if moved by the same impulse, and meeting, fairly hugged each other, and wept, and then knelt down together and cried to God for forgiveness.

They prayed earnestly for mercy, and the captain was the first to receive the answer.

He clapped his hands, and the joy was beaming in his face. But he had hardly time to straighten up fully when the engineer also caught the joyful sound of forgiveness and was on his feet in an instant; and then they began shaking hands and hugging each other again.

The Spirit of the Lord had touched them, and all their enmity and hatred had vanished like the dew before the rising sun.

Others soon caught the spirit, and gathered around them shaking hands and rejoicing, shouting and weeping with them, until some of the outsiders ran across the street, thinking the old Mission was tumbling down.

I asked one of the boatmen who was saved at that time, when he was testifying, "How do you know you are converted?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied: "I went

from here to my boat, and locking the door, just made up my mind never to open it until converted. And I kept my word !"

"How could you tell when it was done?"

"Well, I'll have to explain it in my own way," he answered, "but it seems to me the Lord just took, as it were, something like a barnacle-scraper (a keen, sharp-edged, three-cornered piece of steel, fastened to a long handle, and used to scrape off the little shellfish and other deposits that gather on the bottom of vessels), and scraped my heart all out clear, and I have not felt anything wrong there since !"

Another came forward, and I asked him to pray for himself.

"I can't. I don't know how," he replied mournfully.

"O yes, you can—just say the Lord's yer."

"I don't know it."

"Did you ever hear it?"

"No ; I've heard about it, but I never heard it."

"Well, just pray in your own way. Ask the Lord for what you want in your own words."

He bowed his head, and in a moment broke out, "O Lord ! O Lord ! scratch my sins out, and then keep them scratched out !" and the Lord answered that simple but honest prayer."

One night we had a wonderful meeting ; a Catholic girl was earnestly seeking salvation. She had pleaded and prayed for forgiveness for a long time without experiencing any change, while the Spirit of God seemed to hover over that congregation and every other prayer was stilled in awe, as all present listened breathlessly to the simple but deep and fervent petition of that poor girl.

She actually seemed to talk to God face to face, with a holy reverence that subdued every listener and hushed every doubting thought.

All at once she ceased praying aloud, and bowed her head in silence upon the seat, while a peculiar hush rested on every heart, as if expecting a quick answer.

After a moment's silence she slowly raised her face toward heaven, and, with hands outstretched, whispered distinctly, "He is coming ! He is coming !" bringing her hands together in triumph as she uttered the last word. Her prayer was answered, her faith accepted.

She made no farther demonstration for a moment, and nothing could be heard but her deep breathing, and the subdued sobs of some others kneeling near her, while they actually trembled so that the rattle of the bench at which they knelt could be distinctly heard, in spite of their efforts to hold it still.

This girl became a remarkably earnest and devout worker.

It was really wonderful to witness her faith and her success in reaching others, especially women, and bringing them to Christ.

She remained faithful, and removed to the far West afterwards, where she continued an efficient and highly esteemed Christian worker.

About this time an Irishman who had worked for McCreery & Co., came to us. He was a handsome man, and came of a wealthy family in Ireland.

He was dissipated and almost a wreck, when sent to this country to remove him beyond the influence of his old associates, and reform him. But change of place is not a change of heart, and new comrades of similar habits are not hard to find in America when a person has a little money to share with them in debauchery.

He grew worse, until his father refused to send him any more money to squander, and in this condition some one brought him to the Mission. He was led to seek the Lord, and was soundly converted. He kept up a correspondence with his father, who soon discovered by the general tone of his letters that there was some remarkable change in his boy for the better, and after a further trial he received him to his affection again, and sent him money with which to return home in joy and restored confidence.

He came and bade us a tender goodbye, and said he expected to have one of his father's

houses opened and run as a Mission similar to the Water Street Mission, as soon as circumstances would permit.

Another remarkable incident occurred about this time. A gentleman from the West, afterwards the editor of the *I—Record*, came to New York on some mining business.

Being a drinking man he drank to excess, spent his money, neglected his business, and at last he became so reduced that he could not raise the price of a drink, or even a meal to keep body and soul together.

Famished with hunger, he wandered down to the Battery, where he saw a crowd around a street preacher.

Anything was better than to be alone, with the craving of the rum appetite, the gnawing desires for food, and the lashings of his conscience, as he thought of the cheerful home and the loving trustful wife who was expecting his return, while he was wandering here a penniless, deserted drunkard.

He went toward the gathering and took his seat on one of the benches. He listened a while but felt no interest.

Finally it seemed he could do without food no longer, and turning to a dirty tramp who sat on the bench beside him, he asked, "Say, where can a fellow get something to eat? I'm dead broke, and have had no food for several days.

The tramp turned toward him and said, "Why, don't you know! Why, go up to Jerry's of course! It's a big layout about ten o'clock Sunday morning. All the bums here take it in, I tell yer! Yer get a good bowl of soup and a chunk o' bread; and say," he continued, as he smacked his lips in anticipation, "the soup's got meat in it too!"

He had no choice now, so getting the directions from his new acquaintance, he came to the Mission. I saw him as soon as he entered and picked him out as a peculiar case.

He carried a cane, not worth pawning, and though he bore every mark of dissipation, a judge of human nature could see in a moment that he had seen better days.

I walked up to him and received him cordially, treating him as a visitor; shook hands, spoke pleasantly, as if I did not know he was dead broke, and in want. He looked at me and said, "Say, I'm hungry; won't you give me something to eat?"

I took him to the corner of the table, and gave him a knife and fork, the rest had to go for it with their fingers, and in half a minute the bowl was empty, and bread, meat and all were devoured. I filled it the second time

carelessly, pretending not to notice his hunger.

After he had eaten sufficiently, I talked to him about his soul. I was deeply in earnest, and he felt it, and finally broke down, wept and prayed.

He then told me his story : "Oh !" said he, in tears ; "I'm a man that has a happy home, and a loving wife with a dear little child. I have not written home, and they have no idea where I am. I came on here to see about some mining stock, but I fell into bad company and took to drinking, and all my money is gone, and I dare not write home now."

He did not get clearly saved, though he made some effort in that direction. He left off drinking, and telegraphing home, his wife sent him \$100 to return to Michigan with.

I bade him goodbye, and shook hands with him as he left to take the train ; but alas for him ! he concluded to take one drink, thinking it no harm if used in moderation ; and the first, as usual, demanded a second, and he remained in the city, and his waiting wife and child were disappointed in their expectation of father's return.

He became beastly drunk, and after a short

spree found himself penniless and friendless again.

In despair he went and enlisted in the navy, thinking in this way to bury himself from the eyes and search of all his friends, and at the same time be placed where he could not get hold of the cause of all his trouble—the cursed rum.

His wife waited patiently for him ; but failing to see or hear anything of him, she could stand the suspense no longer, and came to New York to look for him.

She searched in every direction, but failed to find him ; and then, remembering that his address had been 316 Water Street, she almost gave up all hope, for on inquiring, she heard that Water Street was the lowest, most wicked street in the whole city.

Almost broken-hearted, she came down to the Mission, and supposing from what she had heard that it was a bad house, she trembled to come in and make any inquiries.

She decided, after waiting as long as she dared, to take a look in at the windows, anyway, and shading her eyes with her hands, she peered in through the glass, and was struck to see right before her eyes two mot-



toes, "Have Faith in God," and "Stand up for Jesus." on the wall.

"Surely," she thought ; "this can't be a bad house ;" and she finally mustered up courage enough to come inside, and not seeing her husband, to inquire of the janitor, "Does Mr. M—— live here ?"

"No, ma'am," replied the person questioned, "he did stop here, but has gone home to his family out West."

"When did he go ?" she asked fearfully ; the man answered, and she knew from the date mentioned that he would have reached home weeks before she left there if nothing had happened, and with a stifled moan she sank faint-like on a seat.

The truth now burst upon her mind that he was again on one of those fearful sprees. No one could tell her where—in the city, or in some railroad town along the route from here to her home ; no one could tell her whether in prison or out, whether dead or alive ; who could know ?

She thought of this, and then of her deserted home and little one so many miles away ; and heart-broken, hopeless and worn out, she burst into tears.

As soon as she could control herself suffic-

iently she told him who she was, and then we came in and did what we could to comfort her.

She began a diligent search for her poor, drink-enslaved husband, but for a long time it was all in vain. She employed the best detectives she could get. In the meantime she knelt, burdened and sin-sick, at the feet of Christ, and was gloriously saved.

"Just think of it, coming 1,500 miles to get converted !" she exclaimed. "Surely, God moves in a mysterious way."

She continued the search without getting any track of her husband, until, becoming completely discouraged in all human efforts, she took it all to God in prayer and left it with Him.

She was about to start for home, when Mr. M—— was discovered in the Navy Yard. Steps were immediately taken to get his release, and they were surprised to find so little opposition from those who knew him there ; but we soon learned that it was because his melancholy and despondent state of mind unfitted him entirely for any service ; and not only affected him, but his comrades also, to such a degree, they too were made homesick.

He became a nuisance and they were actually glad to get rid of him with his blues.

The devoted wife went after her repentant husband, and as soon as they could get to the city they came direct to the Mission, and bowed together before God.

Such a sight was scarcely ever seen on earth; and as the poor man, amid the sobs and prayers of his wife and the rest of us, gave his heart to Christ, we felt assured there was joy in the presence of the angels of God.

He returned home with his now happy companion, and we soon heard that his business had proved a success, and was bringing him in a great deal of money; his prosperity proved too much for him, however, and he fell from his Christian profession.

He remained in a backslidden condition but a short time, and returned to the Lord again, was fully recovered, and remained so to the hour of his happy death.

About this time in our history a professional gambler named William Fitzmorris, supposed to be the inventor of the envelope game, came to the Mission.

He had been keeping a gambling house up-town, but according to his statement, had to come down so heavy to keep on the right

side of the police, that his business could not stand the strain.

So he moved into a new place in a basement, and stationed three men at different points as lookouts, to keep the police from coming on him unawares—finding it cheaper to keep three men under salary than to pay the blackmail he had been paying before.

A certain notorious policy-dealer offered him three dollars a day to write policy-slips.

How wonderfully God works, and how little we know what is to come to our plans! Fitzmorris accepted the job and came down to see about it.

Standing on the corner he saw our lamp, and asked somebody, "What's that?" "Why, that's Jerry McAuley's. You ought to take it in; it's as good as a theatre." He came in to see the fun, but became interested, and the testimonies melted him all up and he came forward, knelt down, and was saved.

He gave some fearful descriptions of his terrible business, and the scenes he had witnessed while engaged in it.

He told how men of families would come in and stake little by little their earnings until every cent was gone; then, fascinated by the game, they would strip off their clothing

piece by piece until they could go no further; of the young girls sent by mothers to buy policy slips for them—sent into these hell-holes, amid the cursing and obscenity of the loungers there, by their own mothers—until step by step they began to be crazed over the game and would buy for themselves.

From an experiment it grew to be a habit, from a habit it became a passion, and in the end they would sell themselves to get money to gamble with.

His revelations were published in the daily papers, and his old associates became so enraged that they threatened to kill him.

We kept him with us, however, and thus protected him from their fury. His health continued to fail, and we expected soon to have the sad task of laying him in the grave; but his friends came and took charge of him, and by his consent removed him to their home.

He got no better, and it was plain that his end was near. He did not fear death, but continued strong in the faith and clear in the assurance of his acceptance with God through Jesus Christ.

Finally, when almost gone, he made a request to the dear old Mission, where he had

found peace to his poor soul, that he might there testify to the precious love of Christ once more.

Finding his heart was set on it, his friends consented, and he was brought in a carriage to the Mission, and there, held up on his feet by a man on each side of him, he gave his dying testimony.

It was a wonderful time ! It seemed as if we stood on the steps of heaven, and you couldn't hear a breath. He stood, and, with feeble voice and shining face, every word of convincing power, gave his last testimony :

"I know I am dying ; I know it, and because I know it, I came here to give my dying testimony, to speak once more in this hallowed spot ere my tongue is silent forever."

You can never put on paper the tones of his voice or the effect of that wonderful scene. No one who was there will ever forget it.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### STORY OF A SAILOR.

THIS is one of the many remarkable events in the history of the Water Street Mission. Jerry has given this as a sample of the work done.

A certain man called "Rowdy Brown" a great, powerfully-built, courageous fellow was a terror to the Fourth Ward.

He had been a mate on the Liverpool packets, and was a savage brute. He hated religion and everything belonging to it. Once he happened to see a man sitting on the forecastle reading his Bible, and without a word or sign of provocation, Brown drew back his heavy boot and kicked the poor fellow square in the mouth, knocking his teeth out and disfiguring him cruelly.

He went to California once, and while there, it was reported, killed several men. We always receive such rumors carefully, knowing how things grow and are exaggerated by traveling from one to another; but there was probably some truth in the stories, for when questioned by me, he acknowledged that there was something in it, by explaining to me how some of the cases occurred.

He seemed utterly fearless of consequences to himself, as he proved by standing one day cursing a man to his face who stood with a revolver in each of his hands and fired both their contents into his body. That's the kind of a man "Rowdy Brown" was.

He was stopping at Mr. Rhody's new Sailors' Home, when he was told that one of his sailor chums was converted at the Mission.

He was mad when he heard of it, and swore a big oath, adding, "I will take a bottle of whiskey down there, and when that feller gets up to talk, I'll take him by the upper jaw in one hand, and the lower jaw in the other, tear his mouth open, and pour the whiskey down him or break his back in the attempt." And he meant it, and was capable of doing it.



I did not know of his threat or of his coming, or I should have been on the watch for him. He came armed with the black bottle, and waited for his old companion to testify, in order to carry out his plan.

While waiting he listened, and listening, became interested, until all of a sudden he felt a strange feeling coming over him, and he began to tremble. He fought it off with all his natural obstinacy, but it was no use : it continued to grow stronger, and when his friend arose to testify, this human lion was as tame as a lamb.

When the testimonies were ended, and sinners were invited to come forward, Brown stood up and called out, "Oh, pray for me !"

Everything was in a state of quiet but intense excitement in a moment, for many present knew his desperate character. We gathered around him, and how he cried for mercy !

It was awful to hear that man groan and beg !

His strong body was racked with the anguish of his soul.

He continued seeking in this manner until the meeting closed, but apparently with but little encouragement. On the second night,

after getting into his bed, he was praying earnestly, when suddenly the light broke into his heart and he knew the work was done.

He jumped out of bed and soon aroused his mate who slept with him, with his shouts of praise to God for His pardoning mercy.

He became a diligent worker, and sometimes in his earnestness would go out on the street, pick up a poor sailor, and almost haul him into the Mission.

When the invitation was given to those anxious to be saved to rise for prayer, he would put his arm under theirs and fairly hoist them up. Melted by the burning, loving prayers, many a man would weep and yield himself to be saved.

Brown was liberal with his means, and often on his return from a voyage he would give us fifteen or twenty dollars at a time to help on the work.

How he lived his religion aboard ship and among his associates can be best told, by relating the following incidents :

"He shipped on one occasion, after his conversion, aboard the West India brig 'Nellie.' The captain was ashore one day while at Matanzas, and met an old acquaintance, a captain also, whom Brown had formerly

known, and in fact had beaten unmercifully a few years before.

After a few minutes' conversation the captain of the "Nellie" remarked :

"Captain, do you know who is converted ?"

"No, I don't."

" 'Rowdy' Brown."

"What !" exclaimed the other, looking at his friend as if he thought him crazy ;  
" 'Rowdy' Brown !" then adding slowly, after a moment's silence, "I don't believe it."

"Well, he is, all the same, and is aboard my brig now !"

"I cannot believe it," continued the doubter.  
"Do you know he gave me a most unmerciful thrashing once, besides cutting away my brig another time ? He was a devil ; he cannot be converted."

"Yes, sir, he is," insisted the first, "and he is going to have a prayer-meeting on board to-night. Come and attend it, won't you ?"

The other made no reply, but seemed completely bewildered by the astonishing news he had just heard, and they parted.

"Rowdy" Brown had fixed up the deck of the Nellie, and had a great canvas stretched for an awning, with a sign painted, bearing in large letters, "Jerry McAuley's Prayer-

Meeting here this Afternoon at three o'clock." He would run the boats backward and forward, and bring off loads of sailors to the meeting.

A revival broke out, and spread among the crews of the different vessels. Gentlemen and ladies also from the shore, who were from the United States, but were living there, came aboard and became deeply interested in the meetings.

One day "Rowdy" Brown went ashore, and, meeting a sailor he knew slightly, asked him to come to the meeting. The man showed a bitter, hateful spirit, and replied, with a sneer, "No, I won't." "Do come, oh do!" said Brown earnestly; and yielding to a sudden impulse, before the man could reply he fell on his knees, and with eyes filled with tears, begged him to come to Christ.

The man looked at him for a moment, but hardening his heart against those strange pleadings, growled, "No, I won't go: I've been to McAuley's in New York, and he couldn't convert me, and you can't neither."

Brown declared, on meeting some of his Christian helpers directly afterwards, that as soon as that man said those words all interest for him left, and he had a strange feeling

as if cold water had struck him, and arose from his knees, wondering what it meant.

The next day the man who so bitterly refused the offers of mercy was working on a scaffold over the side of his vessel, when suddenly he was missed by some one who wanted him.

The scaffold was empty ; and though the vessel was searched he could not be found. Shortly afterwards his body was discovered through the clear water, lying face downward, with his mouth in the sand at the bottom.

He was fished up, and a black bottle, partly filled with liquor, was found in his pocket. He probably became drunk, and fell off the scaffold into the water.

It was a strange affair, and so affected his shipmates, who seemed to think it was the voice of God in a fearful providence, that they became serious, and the captain of the vessel, with his entire crew, were brought to the Saviour.

The last account we received from Brown he was doing well, had secured some property in Canada, and was living a consistent Christian life. Later on we heard of his death, and had every reason to believe he died in the faith.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SALVATION OF A NEIGHBOR.

**T**HERE did not seem to be many brought to Christ who lived near the despised Mission. The greatest number who were saved were wanderers. Sailors, visitors and an occasional neighbor were converted.

Jerry says of one neighbor :

One night a beautiful little child about five years old came to the door. She was a lovely little thing, with bright blue eyes and long golden curls—a perfect little picture, notwithstanding the poor care she had received.

She turned to the man at the door, and asked, "Say, Mister, won't you please let me in? I'll be good if you will."

"Oh, no," he said, looking down at the little waif; "you couldn't behave."

"Yes, I will ; I'll be awful good, 'cos I want to hear the singing."

He yielded to her entreaties, and she went in, and folding her little hands on her lap sat as quiet as a mouse until meeting closed.

The next evening she came again, leading by the hand another little girl, younger than herself, but much like her.

She again asked permission to go in, and having referred to her good behaviour the previous night, it was granted.

They walked deliberately up to the very front seat, and lifting her little sister well up on the bench, Mollic sat down beside her and closely watched everything that was said or done.

They behaved beautifully, and at the close of the meeting my wife kissed them both and gave them a chunk of cake each and they ran out happy enough. This happened several nights, and they always got their kiss and cake.

One night during the meeting the mother of the little girls came to the door drunk, and asked if the children were there.

The man replied he thought they were, when she said, "I'll be thankful to ye, Mis-

ter if ye'll go in and kick them two children out."

"We don't do things that way here," said the man; when she called, "Mollie, Mollie Rollins, come out here!"

Poor little Mollie turned pale and trembled, and looked at me with such a frightened look, like a scared bird. The mother screamed out her name again, and added, "I'll give it to you, going in there with those black Protestants, you little wretch;" and as poor Mollie came out, dragging her little sister after her, the drunken mother caught her by the beautiful curly hair, and flung her clear off the ground.

"I'll kill you if you go in there again," she screamed. "Do they give you any beer in there, say?"

The poor little thing looked up, though the tears were in her eyes, and said: "O, mamma, ain't you awful! they don't drink any beer in there, and they don't get drunk, neither!"

The next night, just as service commenced, in walked Mollie and Jennie again.

"Ain't you afraid your mother will kill you?" we asked. "Oh no," she answered quickly, as she turned her blue eyes up to my face; "I ain't afraid; I like the singing."

Everybody around the Mission loved those darlings, and was pleased to have them there.



We missed them for two or three evenings, and afterwards learned the father had returned from a sea voyage.

The husband and wife both went on a terrible spree with the money he brought, until finally he brutally turned the mother and little ones out of the house into the cold October night air.

That night, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. McAuley heard her named called.

She listened a moment, and recognized Molley's voice calling from the street, "Mrs. McAuley, O Mrs. McAuley, come down. I want to tell you something." After a minute the little voice rang out again: "Mrs. McAuley, O Mrs. McAuley."

On going down, my wife learned that the father had put them out, and they had been on the roof. As the wind blew cold, the little one said to her mother, "Mamma, I know a place where the wind won't blow, and where we won't be afraid."

"Where's that?" asked her mother. "Over in the Mission," said the child.

My wife came upstairs, saying to me, "Mrs. Rollins is there with her children. I have let them in; I believe it may be the salvation of that woman's soul."

We took them upstairs, where we had the only accommodation the old Mission house afforded. It was a rickety affair, but was the

best we could do. There was a straw tick there and a few old quilts, and as they turned in Mollie looked up to her mother and said, "Thank God, mother, we have a good bed to-night."

In the morning we gave them their breakfast, the same as we had ourselves, and sat with them at the table. We never mentioned anything to the mother about her conduct, but treated them kindly, and after breakfast they left.

This was the first step toward reaching that poor woman, and it turned out that the little acts of kindness were not lost.

The man having spent his money, went off to sea again, but left the family his advance money, and this was the mother's opportunity for another big spree, and she made the most of it.

She spread it everywhere, and soon the money was gone.

But rum must be had, and one thing after another went to the pawnshop, till there was nothing left that would bring a penny. The poor children were dirty and unwashed, and their hair was all matted and tangled, and they looked fearful.

They came in one day with their lips blue with the cold. My wife warmed them and washed them, combed out their hair, and curled it beautifully over their foreheads. She

then begged two little dresses from a friend who had some small girls ; the dresses were somewhat worn, but neat and clean, and the dear little things were happy as larks.

When they went over to where their mother was drinking, she hardly recognized them.

"Oh," said she, "what happened you? Who did that?"

The rum-seller's wife remarked : "Why, I'd never known them!" "Nor I," said the mother ; "I hardly knew them myself ; well, you look good, anyhow." This was the second blow on that hard heart.

Shortly after this, the long spree began to tell on Mrs. Rollins, and she was taken sick, and after suffering awhile, she sent Mollie over after my wife. This being the first move towards us she had ever made, we hailed it with joy.

My wife went as requested, accompanied by a friend, and oh ! what a miserable sight met their eyes ! The room robbed of everything movable but the remains of a bed, fragments of broken dishes scattered all around the dirty floor, the room cheerless, fireless, comfortless. The dishes that were not broken were dirty and piled every way, while the stench of the neglected room was fearful.

They found her stretched with the horrors (delirium tremens) and without saying much to her, straightened up the room, made a fire

after getting some coal, and then the friend went home and brought over a big pitcher of good strong hot tea, and told her to drink it, which she did in a hurry.

This helped her somewhat, and they talked to her about her condition, and pointed her to the Lamb of God for help, and prayed with her.

These acts of kindness were the hardest blows of all to her prejudices, and she broke down and said, "If ever I get well of this spell I'm going to come over, Mrs. McAuley, and see you at the Mission."

She got well, and one night she came into the Mission during the meeting. We were singing, "The Stone Rolled Away," when she screamed right out, and starting from her seat, ran through the kitchen, thinking to get out that way.

My wife followed quickly and caught her, and then kneeling down beside her, prayed earnestly with the poor, sobbing creature. She found the Lord's help, and He so sweetly saved her, that it was apparent to all.

At first she used to put an old shawl around her head and draw it well over her face, and then go around the block before entering the Mission, to keep the neighbors from recognizing her; but afterwards she would walk straight across the street to and from her home, singing the "Stone Rolled away."

She was bitterly persecuted, because she was a turncoat, as they termed it.

Her door was broken in, slops were thrown over her, and they even caught the poor little children and beat them, hoping to enrage her, and thus make her return to drink again.

The errors of her past life began to tell on her, and she became ill with consumption. The people she had spent all her money with would not do anything for her, and we took her to Dr. Cullis' Home for Consumptives in Boston.

We went with her, and left her in the good doctor's care. She grew gradually worse, until at death's door.

She had a dream or vision one day, in which she thought everyone had forsaken her; even we had ceased to love her, and God had forgotten her, but suddenly she heard a voice, "I won't leave you. I'll be with you all the time." And she was encouraged.

She also thought that Mrs. McAuley stood by her bedside, and she felt relieved. Dr. Cullis wrote us to come on if we wanted to see her alive, and we went immediately to Boston.

My wife walked in and stood by the bed,

and when the poor invalid opened her eyes she smiled faintly, and said, "That is just where I saw you stand," and she reached up and clasped the poor bony arms around my wife's neck, and oh ! such a scene I never witnessed before !

I could not stand it, and went out of the room and let them sob away ; but I heard her murmur, "Oh, how I love you both ! I love you better than my own children." This more than paid us for all our efforts.

The next day she passed over in the triumph of faith and redeeming love. Before she died she expressed a desire to visit that place in Water Street where God had spoken to her soul, and added, "Dead or alive, I want to be under that blessed roof once more." In accordance with her wish, her body was brought on to the Mission for burial.

There was a large turnout to the funeral service, and a stranger gathering never was seen. There were present many ladies and gentlemen from the first circles of society, and there were several of Mrs. Rollins' old comrades, some of them dragging their children with them, to get a last look at the face of their late acquaintance.

Many of those parents were confirmed drunkards of the lowest type, and had entered this Mission for the first time in their lives ; yet all this seemed forgotten in the presence of the dead.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SWINDLERS FOILED.

**G**OD gave to Jerry wisdom and insight to deal with deceptive people and miraculously delivered him out of their hands. In this chapter he tells how he dealt with one deceiver, and how God delivered him from another. He says :

A fellow came in one day shaking all over as if he had the palsy. He trembled like a leaf from head to foot.

"What's the matter ?" said I.

"Oh, the Lord sent me here."

"I don't know whether He did or not," I returned ; for he looked like a dead beat ; "did no one else send you ?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, pulling a dirty, crumpled paper from his pocket, which he



had probably carried about six months. I looked at him sharply, when he exclaimed, "Oh, help me—I've got the horrors—I'm almost dead—do help me !"

I pitied the poor fellow, so I took him in without further questioning, led him upstairs, and put him to bed, called a doctor, and did all I could for him.

I could not do much with him spiritually, for he claimed to be a Christian and "all right." "It is true," he said, "I drink a little, but they all do that where I came from." He was taken worse one day, and was so cramped that he was sure he was going to die right off.

"Oh, oh," he screamed, "I'm going to die!" I knew he wasn't in a very bad way, so concluded to improve my opportunity.

"Oh, you're all right, you know ; you'll only go to heaven anyway !"

"Oh, but I can't die so."

"Oh, yes," I continued, "you can ; it isn't hard for a Christian to die, you know !"

"Oh, oh ! help me ! I'm dying !"

"Why, you ought to be happy ; why don't you sing ?"

"Oh ! oh !"

"It's glorious, ain't it, to be a Christian ?"

"Oh ! oh !"

"Why, my friend, you ain't scared, are you ?" And so I talked with him in this way until he became ashamed, and then I said to him soberly, "Now, my friend, you ought to get right with God. Just see how frightened you were when the first pain touched you. Oh, why don't you get saved ?

I failed to get him out clear, though he claimed to be grateful, and made great promises of help to the Mission when he got well.

One day he left, and we supposed he had gone for good, when a few days afterwards in he walked with a bundle of dirty clothes under his arm. When I approached him he said :

"Jerry, the Lord sent me to you to have these clothes washed !"

"Did He ?" said I ; "well, the Lord sent me to fire you out ;" and out he went like a rocket—dirty clothes and all !

We have met a great many frauds while engaged in this work, but the greatest of all—the very queen of frauds—appeared in our history one time, and I have no doubt if the Lord Himself had not overthrown her designs a terrible reproach would have been put upon both my wife and me, and we might

have been entirely ruined and our work broken up.

We were down at Asbury Park for a few days' rest when this creature came upon the stage of action.

Brother and Sister S. had been to their regular services at the John Street Church, and were on their way home to Williamsburg, when they thought they would step into the Mission for a few minutes, inquire after our health, and get a drink of water.

They had talked awhile with the janitor, and were just going away, it being after ten o'clock, when there was a sudden rap at the door. When the janitor opened it he found a fine looking young woman standing there. He let her in, and the visitors listened to her story.

The girl stated that she was homeless and friendless, and being at a loss where to go, had stepped up to a policeman, a few minutes before knocking at our door, and inquired of him where she could find a respectable night's lodging.

He did not treat her properly, she said, and turning from him she raised her eyes and saw the Mission. She knew she would be

safe with Christian people, and so without hesitation knocked at the door.

Her previous history was a sad one, and our friends listened to it with the deepest interest and sympathy. Her father, she said, had been wealthy up to a short time before his death, and when he died he left her \$3,700 in care of her brother, who was older than she was.

The brother became intimate with the son of a rich gentleman where he boarded, who was a fast young man, and soon led him into dissipation. His constitution, not strong at best, gave way under his excesses, and he went into hasty consumption, and soon died.

Just before his death he gave his sister's money to this young associate to turn over to her. The man promised faithfully to carry out the dying request of his late comrade, but as soon as the latter was laid in his grave, he went on a long spree, and kept it up until the money was all gone, his own health broken, and he also brought to death's door.

When he died all hope of ever getting her money vanished, as the father refused to be held for the debt.

In this condition she wandered around un-

til she knocked at the Mission door for protection.

Mr. and Mrs. S. were greatly interested in her story, and when she concluded they proceeded to find a place where she could stay until morning, as it would not do, on account of the speech of the people, to leave her there alone with the janitor for the remainder of the night.

After a great deal of trouble they found accommodations for her and went home. She paid her own bills, and afterwards got a boarding place in Monroe Street, and came to the meetings every night.

We came home about this time, and supposing, as a matter of course, they had investigated the matter, we took her into our confidence and did all we could for her.

My wife felt a little uneasy sometimes about Jessie, as she called herself, and then blaming herself for her suspicion, treated her more kindly than before.

My eyes began to be opened after a while by some of her actions when off her guard. Once when my wife and I were talking about coming to Thirty-second Street to open the Cremorne Mission, the girl overheard us, and exclaimed, without thinking, "Oh, good ! I'm

glad of it; I'm well acquainted up there around the Cremorne Gar——."

She caught herself suddenly, but her prudence came too late. I was looking her square in the eyes, and saw her confusion like a flash.

I said nothing, however, until she left the room, when I turned to my wife and remarked, "She is from that neighborhood after all."

This put us on our guard, but we feared to do her injustice or hurt her feelings by showing any suspicions until we were certain that she was playing a game.

She came running in one day shortly after, and appeared in great glee as she exclaimed, "Oh, good news! good news! I've got word from that father and he is going to pay me back, with interest, the full amount his son squandered for me! I'll tell you what I'll do," she continued, excitedly, "I'll give it all to you to start that Mission up in Thirty-second Street. Won't that be grand?"

I heard her words, saw her earnest and apparently honest manner, and she seemed so enthusiastic and generous, I began to believe in her again, and to scold myself for my suspicions.

Of course I was glad to hear her offer of the money, for I was then very much exercised about how I was to get the means to open the expected mission up town.

I intended to put a mortgage on a little property I owned, and put in all my own available cash, and what I could raise in other ways ; but all this would be far too little for even a fair start.

Here, thought I, is the whole thing worked out for us ! I now proposed to myself to accept her offer, and secure her by the proposed lien on my property until the first anniversary, when it would be an easy matter to return her the money again with interest. The skies looked all bright again for my proposed Thirty-second Street Mission.

"When will you go," I asked her after a while, "to receive the money ?"

"Oh," she replied, "in about three weeks from to-day I will take you and Mrs. McAuley with me, and will go over and get it, and bring it to Mr. H----- and take a receipt for it. We can then draw it as we want it."

After the three weeks had gone by, and she made no move to go after it, I asked the reason, and she answered,

"Oh, I've concluded to get it expressed to

my boarding-house, and then take it to the banker's."

I thought it strange that she would have so large an amount sent to a boarding house, but held my tongue, determined to hide my suspicions until the proper time. Shortly afterward came the closing of the plot.

She came in one evening, and told us the money had been sent over as proposed, and was now at the house in Monroe Street, all done up in envelopes.

"All right," I answered; "as soon as the meeting is over we will go down and get it."

The meeting went on as usual, and after it was over we started out with her to bring home the three or four thousand dollars!

We went together to the house, and leaving us standing on the sidewalk she went into the house to get the money.

I felt a misgiving that she would not come out again, or that we were in some way having a job put up on us, and turning to my wife, as the front door closed upon our guide, I said, "There she goes and we will see her no more."

"Yes, we will see her again," was the positive reply; and sure enough, in a little while,



out came the lady with the package of envelopes.

"Have you got it?" I asked, when she reached the pavement.

"Yes, it's here alright," she replied. "Here it is," (handing a package to my wife). "It's all done up correct, and in good shape."

"Alright," I answered, pushing the package back into her hands. "You keep it, and walk ahead with Mrs. McAuley, and I'll follow close behind and protect you if needed."

The fact that she wanted one of us to carry the valuable package struck me as rather strange; and I was determined to be on the lookout for any plot that might have been cocked up to get us into trouble or entrap us and then say that we had appropriated the money.

So I followed them slowly, watching carefully every dark alley and doorway, and every sharp corner, thinking that at any minute some fellow might spring suddenly upon us as we passed through that dangerous locality.

The whole thing seemed so odd, that I felt pretty sure that there was to be some strange ending to it all, for the idea had grown upon me that there was some deep-laid plot against

us to injure our work, and I was determined not to be caught napping.

Whether she was afraid to give the signal, seeing we were so fully on our guard, or not, I can't say, but anyway, there was no attempt at harming us, and we reached the Mission in safety. Calling in one other as a witness, I turned to the girl and said :

"Now, Jessie, I want you to stand where you are and open those packages, and show us the money before this witness."

"Oh, it's all here !" she replied ; and then fumbling over the envelopes as if examining their contents, she continued :

"Yes, it's all right, in checks, and you take it just as it is. We won't count it now, it is so late and we're all so tired. We can all come together the first thing in the morning, and count it out all right."

"Pull them out, and count them now, before we go to bed," I exclaimed, as I saw like a flash of lightning through the whole dodge. "You can't leave that package in our care and then ruin us by swearing in the morning that we stole the money during the night. Open them ! Quick !"

She trembled like a leaf, and the packages

on being opened were found to have nothing in them !

"Who put you up to that infernal trick ?" I said to her sternly as I fixed my eyes on her face. "Come, out with it ! whose plan is it ? Everything else having failed, this was the last hope, was it ?"

She refused to answer, however ; nor could we ever learn positively who was at the bottom of it. I shall always believe, however, that it was a put-up job. Thus did the dear Lord interfere again to save us from the plots of our unprincipled enemies, as He had done before and has so many times since.

The girl, seeing she was caught beyond escape got scared at the prospect of arrest and imprisonment, and broke down, sobbing and crying like a child. She made some acknowledgments, but refused to give any names.

She wept bitterly ; and what do you suppose we did then ? Knelt right down there and and prayed for her, with our own hearts all melted up with gratitude to God for the wonderful deliverance He had just wrought out for us, and cared for her until she could get ready to leave.

## CHAPTER XIX.

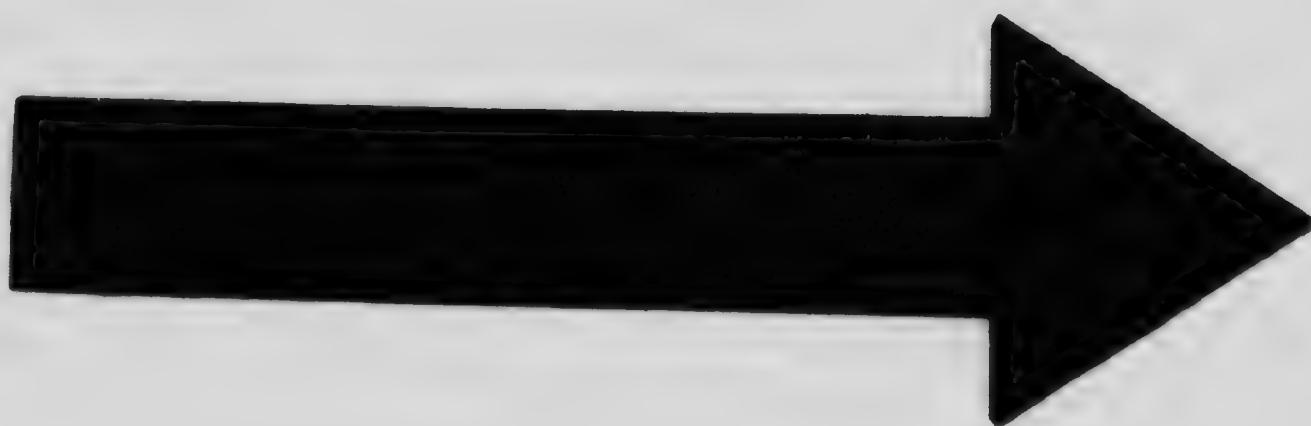
### SOME SAYINGS.

**T**HIS chapter is composed of some extracts from a paper he commenced to publish in 1883. It was called Jerry McAuley's newspaper. They will give some idea of his manner of expression :

Did you ever read in the Bible about that fellow in the tombs ? He tore all his clothes off and broke his chains, and nobody could help him. But Jesus came along and saved him, and put a new suit of clothes on him, shoes and all—no second-handed things; but what did the fellow do ?

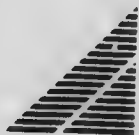
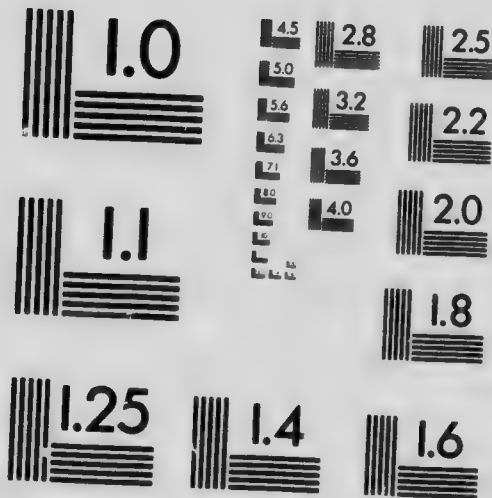
Why, I expect he straightened up his coat collar and put on a white choker, and said :

"Well, I guess, Lord, I'll go along with you and have a good easy time, and folks will think I'm respectable !"



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But Jesus said to him, "Go back among the people that knew what a miserable old tramp you were, and tell them what wonderful things God has done for you."

And I can imagine I see him go back and get up on an old barrel, and tell the people what a miserable wretch he was until Christ found him.

Some folks get wonderfully pretty and precise and afraid to tell what God has done for them ; and some poor listening soul, hearing those nice kid-gloved sinners talk, says to himself as he starts to go out :

"They are a lot of pretty cranks, with their soft talk ;" when just then some honest soul will get up and say, "I was a hard case ;" then the poor fellow going out stops and listens to catch every word ; and as the man goes on to tell his story, the other sits down interested, gets all broken up, as he thinks : "That's just where I am to-night ;" and soon the tears begin to run down his cheeks, and the next thing he is forward for prayers, and then takes his place in the congregation to tell the old, old story, so new to him.

Love testimony ? I guess I do. That man there, Orville Gardner, came to prison where

I was under sentence of fifteen years, and told how God saved him.

I knew what he was before, and I got all broken up, and went back to my cell, got on my knees, and Christ saved me. Always give your testimony just as it is.

Those of us whom God has taken out of the dirty hole ought to be always telling of His goodness. It hurts me when God's people act as if they were ashamed to speak for Him.

I am no hair-splitter, and what God says to me I believe because He says it.

You heard about the fellow who was describing a little fly to another friend, and he talked about the various parts of the fly, and so on, and wondered how they could have been produced, and "Look," says he, "at this tiny foot. How could it ever have been made?"

"Oh, don't bother me," said the other, "God said, 'Let there be flies,' and there was flies, and I know there is plenty of them, and that is enough for me."

Some people are hair splitters. If I get religion, how will so and so come out?

Well, let God take care of that, and you do



your duty. He saved me several years ago, and He has kept me by simply trusting in Him.

I hope all the converts will feel the responsibility that rests on them to-night. If you feel it's too heavy a cross for you to bear, you ought to ask God to take it away.

I used to think it was a terrible thing to talk in meeting and tell what God had done for my soul.

At first when I used to get up there would come a great lump in my throat that nearly choked me, but I would jump up and hang on to the seat and say, "I love Jesus," and flop down as if I was shot.

I always felt better for it. Let everyone improve the time to-night.

The testimonies of this evening will tell in eternity. I am sick to-night, and ought to be up-stairs, but I desire to see souls saved.

I was taken sick first in Water Street, and grew worse while on my knees with the poor sinners crying for mercy, but would not stop until I got through.

Then I crawled upstairs on my hands and knees. That was my first attack of pneumonia. When I'm to die, and it may not be long,

I want to die on my knees, praying for lost souls.

I don't care how you bury me—any old box will do. I don't want any money spent on flowers for me. There are small fortunes spent on flowers at some funerals, and I think it would be better to give it to the poor.

I would rather some poor soul that I was the means of leading to the Lord, would put one little rose on my grave than have the wealth of a millionaire.

My testimony to-night is, the Lord picked me up when I was a dirty tramp, without a friend or cent in the world. The Roman Catholic folks, who heard of my conversion, called me a "turncoat;" but I had no coat to turn—nothing but an old shirt—when I came to Jesus.

We, the converts, especially, are responsible for this meeting. It depends on us whether it proves a success or failure.

If we keep still, nothing can be done; but if we do our duty promptly and keep in the Spirit—speaking and singing as God wants us to—this meeting will be a success. Most certainly is this true of those of us whom God has taken out of the lowest depths.

Some seem to think if a man gets up and tells how low he was, "a poor forsaken drunkard," "a miserable thief," etc., that he is boasting of his shame.

I tell it here often, and yet it hurts me every time ; and I can't get rid of it ; it may be pride, but whatever you call it, it's there ! For Jesus' sake, and for His glory, I'll endure the shame and tell plainly what He has done for my soul.

Now I want you all to testify and tell what God has done for you, and be as short as you can. You have probably all heard about the three men with the pot of stir-about.

Three hungry men had a pot of stir-about set before them, but had only one spoon, and the stir-about being too hot to use their hands, one was to use the spoon and then pass it to the second, and so on.

Now what would you think if one fellow took the spoon and kept it all the time and let the others starve ?

Well, pass around the spoon. The meeting is open now for testimony ! Don't you see it ?

I read about the prodigal son a long time ago, and I thought I was like one of those

characters, and I thought the other didn't have much religion either !

Why, he got mad when the poor wanderer came home, and then went off growling and grumbling.

He was one of those nice, goodish boys, who brag about always staying at home and taking care of everything—very nice, precise folks—kid-glove sinners ; but they are usually like this fellow—not half as good as they think themselves to be ; for here is your never-did-wrong chap growling and getting mad at his poor old father, and it don't say that the prodigal ever did that !

What did he growl about ? Why, because the father loved his own child, and was glad to see him coming home after staying away so long, was glad to see him even though he was in rags, barefooted, and heartsick !

There are some of those steady brothers around yet !

I am saved from being a drunkard of the worst kind. I was a gambler and led a crooked life for years. I was brought back to Christ in what was called the "John Allen excitement."

It may have been an excitement, but it was

not all froth after all, for I was saved there, and I know of others in Water Street who were saved, and lived saved afterwards.

I love God to-night, and I love precious souls. I saw a poor man here to-day with the shakes, fighting against rum, and I pitied the poor fellow with all my heart.

I know if he holds on to God in prayer he will come out all right. I've seen it done often before this. Now let any one testify to what they know to be true in this Christian life.

Jesus saw Zacchæus up in the tree and He knew him, knew all about him; but I notice He didn't call him an extortionist, or a robber, or any hard name, but merely said, "Come down, Zacchæus; I'm going to take dinner at your house to-day!"

Didn't accuse him of anything. He never does. Never calls those who come to Him hard names! He never called one of those poor unfortunate women a "Magdalene" once—not once in His whole history.

No, sir! the bigger the sinner the more tender Jesus was. He never was harsh, only with one class of people—those hypocritical Pharisees; those dead Church members who

professed religion, but hated Christ, and were only hypocrites.

He went for them ; and so He ought, and so do I go for them, and I intend to keep it hot for them. I praise Jesus for the wonderful change He has made in my life in the last few years.

It would make a wonderful picture to paint me as I was when I first came to God, and as I am here to-night. He cleansed me inside and out.

That testimony did my heart good, not simply because the speaker referred to me or my prayers, for I don't know as they had anything to do with his conversion.

It might have been in answer to the prayers of some godly men or women who came here, or it may have been my wife's prayers. I cannot tell.

We did pray for him, it is true ; and to be honest with you, I got discouraged over him. I thought him one of the hardest cases that ever came through those doors. Think of it, two years praying steadily for one man before he yielded !

I can say to-night I am saved by the tender mercy of God. I owe all I have to-day to Him—home, friends, and everything.

I love the Lord to-night for all He has done for me. The meeting is now open ; let the time be improved.

In the early part of my experience I stumbled a great deal, but God saw I was honest, and He helped me over the rough places. I will have to acknowledge, for I hate hypocrisy, and I can't help hating it, and won't be a hypocrite myself, that I became discouraged in the beginning, and let go of God and went back into sin.

Yes, I went back to the rum and all, but I didn't stay there. I came back to the Lord again, and He forgave me ; and, seeing I was determined to be honest and true, he blessed me again, and has kept me ever since.

The trouble with some men is they have no backbone, and if everything don't go to suit them, they let go, fall, and stay there. If a man knocked one of you down would you stay there and let him kick the life out of you ?

No ! of course you wouldn't—you'd get up and try and save yourself, wouldn't you ?

Well, that is the way to do with Satan : if he gets you down by some foul blow, don't you

lie there and let him kick you to death, but jump up and strike out for yourself!

The meeting is now open for testimony. We will never see this night again. May the Lord help us to testify for Him, for we may never have another opportunity! Some come here night after night and always keep still, never speak at all.

I often think if God's cause here depended on you, it would be a poor affair. Some folks come here with the blues, they say, and can't talk.

Why don't you get rid of them before you come here, or else get up and confess, and get blessed?

I often come when I feel like lying down in the aisle, I feel so bad; but I see the need of putting forth an effort to rescue poor perishing souls, and so I ask God to help me, and do the best I can.

Don't you know the Lord takes a worm sometimes to thrash a mountain?

I am saved to-night from everything wicked and bad. I was once without a friend, without a home, without God, and without a hope for either world; now I have all of these, and have had for fourteen years.



Some good people think that God can't save a blackguard ; but if you will come here often, you will be wonderfully disappointed when you see some that God saves here ! I was once one of the dirtiest, drunken, fighting old tramps you ever saw.

God always makes a way of escape for us. I have had men draw back to strike me, but they didn't do it, and if they had I don't know what I should have done ; but God made a way of escape, somehow or other, so they didn't strike me.

Now, I want you all to take hold here to-night and make this an interesting meeting. You cannot find any better place than this to go.

Just hear the singing. Talk about your paid choirs, why, this beats them all ! Some of them get their ten thousand dollars a year, but they can't compare with this.

I have a great many gentlemen and ladies, uptown and down, speak to me about this wonderful singing, and they all say they never heard the like.

Do you know why ? Because we are singing for Jesus here ! That's what makes the melody. Now, all speak, and tell what God has done for your souls."

## CHAPTER XX.

### STARTING THE SECOND MISSION.

**H**E opened a second Mission in the year 1882, two years before his death. It was called "Cremore Mission, in a neighborhood known as "Hell's Kitchen, at 104 West 32nd Street. Speaking in it once, Jerry said :

Dr. Talmage was the first one that started me to thinking about it. That was over two years ago. Dr. Talmage had been round the dives and seen what was going on and preached about it.

I had been around New York some, and thought I knew the worst places in it ; but I was mistaken, for I had never seen anything so bad as this neighborhood. The first time I found out what it was really like, happened this way :

A fellow called "Happy Joe" went one night into one of the dens, and got a little full, and began to sing a hymn he had heard down at Water Street, and at last he said, "Let's have a Jerry McAuley prayer-meeting, right here!"

Well, the girls jumped at the idea, and he took me off and made fun of the whole thing. Well, sir, that blaspheming rascal was the cause of my coming here! Those girls were so interested from his description that two of them came down to Water Street in a carriage to our meetings, and then often came.

One of them came to me afterwards and wanted me to help find her sister, who got into some bad place uptown, she was afraid. Mrs. McAuley and I got interested, and we came up to look for the girl's sister.

We started in at Bleecker Street, took in "The" Allen's, Harry Hill's, "Wes" Allen's, and all the rest there, and came up and went to nearly all the Sixth Avenue dives.

Before we got through I made up my mind that this was a worse place than Water Street, and resolved, if the Lord would help me, to start a Mission up here. I finally fixed on this place, because it was about the worst I could find.

I never undertook anything, but the prophets said : "Jerry, you've made a mistake."

When I started the Water Street Mission, one man said : "Well, if it's a success, I'll give you \$25.00."

"Yes," I thought ; " 'if;' and if they were all like you it could not be a success."

When I came uptown they said again, "Now Jerry has made the mistake of his life."

Even some of the trustees objected, and said : "Water Street Mission will go down if Jerry leaves," as if Jerry McAuley was anything, or that God couldn't do without me.

Not so. This Mission would run on just the same if I should die to-morrow morning.

Why, if any of you had the money I would go and start a Mission right away at a place over here called "Hell's Kitchen," and somewhere else, and they would all be full, and God would save souls.

Concerning this Mission, the wife of Jerry McAuley once said :—

We felt that our work in Water Street was done, and the time had come when we ought to make a change.

It seemed to us that the cry went up to heaven for a Mission here, that some of the

hundreds of young men and women frequenting these dens and dives might be saved.

We went home and prayed God if He wanted us up here to open the way ; and if He didn't want us here to put up a barrier so high we couldn't climb over it.

After many prayers and tears and with much fear and trembling, we found a place.

Then we asked God if He wished us to come, to send the means that day. The answer came, and soon we had \$9,000.

Then a number of Christian gentlemen were invited to become trustees, and the place was fitted up and work commenced.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SLEEPING.

**T**HIS chapter is taken from a book published by the Christian Alliance in New York :

JERRY MCAULEY "fell asleep in Jesus," on Sept. 18th, 1884, in his 45th year.

For a long time he had not been well. On the day before he died he was happy and hopeful, and went, with his wife, for an outing in Central Park. Soon after his return he was seized with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. The physicians could do little for him. That evening, expecting each moment the call would come, he said, to one of the converts of the Mission, as he pointed upwards :

"It's all right up there."

It was this dying saying that led Pastor

R. M. Offord to write the following spiritual song, which has been so often sung in the memory of Jerry :

"When comes the hour that we must die,  
When ends life's swiftly passing day,  
When calls the Master from on high,  
How blessed he who then can say :  
'It's all right.'

"No fear of death can shake his trust,  
Who finds in Jesus Christ his stay ;  
What though his body falls to dust,  
His soul can still all joyous say :  
'It's all right.'

"Attended then by angel band,  
From sin and sorrow called away,  
Upborne from earth to God's right hand,  
In holy triumph hear Him say :  
'It's all right.'

"Life's journey done, its perils past,  
'Mid scenes of everlasting day,  
In God's own light he sees at last  
What here on earth he learned to say,  
'It's all right.'

"Dear Lord of love, I bow to Thee,  
Oh, hear me, Jesus, while I pray !  
Let mine such blessed dying be,  
Grant me the happy faith to say :  
'It's all right.'

"Come, soul, the door is open still,  
Oh, come, the Gospel call obey ;  
Then let thy death come when it will,  
By grace redeemed thou, too, canst say :  
'It's all right.' "

Jerry rallied that night and it was hoped he might continue to improve, but he grew worse and in the afternoon another hemorrhage came, and in a few moments his spirit had taken its flight to God.

A full account of the Memorial services, both in the Broadway Tabernacle and at 316 Water Street, were given in the Jerry McAuley Newspaper. We give them somewhat condensed :

Broadway Tabernacle, 34th Street and 6th Avenue, was thronged Sunday afternoon, Sept. 21st. The audience room, the long deep galleries, the many isles, the doorways and vestibules were crowded. Hundreds of disappointed people were unable to find entrance, and turned away, many of them after coming miles to be present at the Memorial service.

The exercises commenced at half-past two. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., editor of the "New York Observer," presided. The Tabernacle choir sang some pieces, and Mr. George W. Stebbins sang.

It was a solemn, affecting service. Dr. Deens, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, read the Scriptures, and when he came to the words, "Forasmuch as ye know that your



labor is not in vain in the Lord," our hearts felt that this was peculiarly true of Jerry McAuley's work.

Dr. Prime, before calling upon the speakers who had been chosen to address the large audience, referred briefly to his intimate acquaintance with the deceased. In him, he said, we had proof that the grace proclaimed in our holy religion could save and keep any man. If that could not, nothing could.

Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, had just returned from Europe. The second item of intelligence he received on his return was the fact of Jerry McAuley's death.

He had thought of the words of St. Paul, "As sorrowing, yet always rejoicing." To the widow it brought sorrow, and there was sorrow as we thought of the loss sustained in the work. But to both sorrows there was a sure antidote.

We commend the widow to the Saviour. He will minister to her comfort, until the call shall come to her, "Come up higher."

In thinking of the man and his work, there are one or two things which have been deeply impressed upon my mind. As I have listened to his testimony, and the testimonies

of those whom he has led to Christ, I have said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for 'it is' the power of God unto salvation to them that believe."

If Jerry could be saved, who not? After Jerry, anybody! The world's outcasts can be saved by Christ. Jerry would say, and without affectation, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Jerry was an instance of a conversion in prison. We sometimes get an idea that there is no use in sending chaplains to prisons. There is a good deal of a feeling of despair in the Church about work for prisoners. We should have greater faith in such work. Let us learn to think more for them when coming out of prison.

Just as Paul in Damascus fell into the hands of Barnabas, Jerry at length fell into good hands. He once said he felt it so good to be trusted after he came out of prison.

"Deal gently with the erring, as thy God hath dealt with thee!" Jerry's case is a beautiful illustration of how God brings good out of evil. Through the evil of Jerry's early life God fitted him for special labor.

A history like that helps one to understand

what God means when He says, "I will restore the years which the locusts have eaten." The years destroyed by sin were made up by the multiplied usefulness of the later years of Jerry's life.

Thus, let sinners put themselves in the Lord's hands. He will restore the years which the locusts have eaten. What a glorious Gospel! What a powerful Saviour! What a wonderful Redeemer we have!

Haply some one is here to-day, almost swept in by the crowd, who is enslaved by evil habits. Take courage. As contact with the bones of the prophet Elisha started the dead man into life, so coming into contact with the truths this casket preaches now, may you be brought to life!

Mr. A. S. Hatch, Jerry McAuley's old and tried friend, spoke with great feeling. He said:

The impulses of my heart would lead me to sit beside this casket a silent mourner; for no one except his wife knew Jerry better than I did. It was my privilege in the beginning of his struggle up toward a better life to encourage him by the warm grasp of a helping hand, and to speak to him words of hope and cheer; and it has been my privilege

also, when clouds and darkness have gathered about my own pathway, to be uplifted and comforted by the simple and childlike, yet robust faith of Jerry and his wife, and by their sublime trust in the loving Providence of God. If I should keep silence I might seem faithless to the memory of my dead friend.

Jerry McAuley is dead. There are but few names which linked with such an announcement would have aroused a more widespread interest; not because a great man, as the world counts greatness, is gone, but in recognition of a humble, sincere, and earnest life, devoted for sixteen years to the uplifting and saving of lost men and women.

The flags of the city are not at half-mast to-day; no drums will beat in the funeral procession that will bear him to his last resting-place to-morrow; no volleys will be fired over his grave. Yet thousands of lowly hearts are bowed down with grief for the friend they have lost; while men and women in all classes of life who owe him a debt of gratitude they are not ashamed to own, are pondering with bowed heads and chastened hearts the lessons of the life and death of this once despised and hunted river thief, but for

sixteen years the chosen servant of God, signally honored and used of Him.

No fulsome eulogy would be in place over this now still and lifeless form. Could Jerry rise up in his coffin and speak, he would rebuke the man who should utter it. For Jerry gloried not in himself, but in the blessed Saviour who had transformed him from what he once had been to what by wondrous grace he had become. He was always humble, for he always remembered the pit from which he had been digged. He continually rejoiced in the power of Divine love, and of the grace of Jesus Christ that could so save and keep such as he.

He used to say to the outcasts who felt that they were so low down in sin that there was no hope and no salvation for them, "There is hope in Jesus Christ for anybody, for He saved me."

His labors spent for the salvation and redemption of the lost were not in vain; and his steadfastness to the end, and his triumphant death, have now confirmed and emphasised the lessons of his life, and his constantly reiterated testimony to the power of Jesus to save.

The Church of Christ needed the lesson of

his sixteen years of labor, and their wonderful fruits. Although theoretically all Christians believe that the vilest sinner may be saved, yet there is much practical unbelief and scepticism on the subject, when they are brought face to face with some of the worst forms of human depravity and of the wretchedness wrought by sin, and are called upon to believe, and to act as if they believed in reality, that individual human wrecks are worth trying to save.

It is this lesson, that none are so utterly lost, but there is hope in laboring for their salvation, that there is no depth of human degradation to which the arm of Jesus cannot reach down and from which His grace cannot lift up, that the life and work of Jerry have taught us.

I hold up Jerry, as he loved best to hold himself up, as I know he would most wish to be held up in this place to-day, as a monument of Divine grace, as a single example of the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse the vilest sinner.

Let our lives be such that when we are called upon to step out from the ranks of the living and take our places in the shadowy procession of the dead, we may be able, as

Jerry was, to look back upon the years spent in earnest work for the Master, and looking forward and upward say with Jerry, "It's all right."

Mrs. Sidney Whittemore spoke of the world-wide influence of the deceased's work. Many had gone out from Water Street to be missionaries all over the globe. Jerry was strong as a lion for courage, yet had a heart gentle as a woman's.

He once spoke roughly to a man who refused to cease his musical performances during the hours of the Mission services, and afterwards went to the man to ask his forgiveness for his somewhat hasty words—and this although the man's insults had brought them out.

Dr. Deems said a stranger might well ask the meaning of this great audience. Here were the clergy, here were men of means, women of culture, all come to pay a tribute of respect to whom? To a hunted river-thief. It was the romance of grace and of Providence. It was not his ancestry, his beauty, his brains, or his services to science that brought out these thousands of people.

It was all because one day in prison Jerry accepted God's offer of salvation, and took

Christ as his present, personal, and sufficient Saviour. We could all do that. Then he was a forcible illustration of the possibility of the redemption of a human soul from the bottomless pit of the lowest degradation.

Dr. Deems closed with an eloquent appeal to the unsaved. Were there not some present who had heard Jerry's appeals from the Mission platform and who had not heeded them? Though Jerry's uttered appeals had not moved them, should not the appeal of his silent lips win them now?

These addresses were followed by the singing of a solo by Mr. Stebbins, who rendered it with his usual tender pathos amid the intense silence of the audience. As he sung the words,

"We too must come to the river side,  
One by one, one by one ;  
We're nearer its brink each evening tide,  
One by one, one by one."

The stillness seemed almost painful, and it was difficult to restrain the pent-up feelings of the heart.

Wilbur F. Watkins followed in a prayer that was most tender and touching; the choir sang, "I will sing of my Redeemer,"



and Dr. Prime invoked the apostolic benediction.

The casket containing the remains of the deceased was decorated with floral tributes at once chaste and beautiful. A cross lay thereupon, and at the close of the prayer offered by Dr. Watkins, the rays of sunlight which had been streaming through the windows all the afternoon reached the cross, and by their effulgence lit it up with a dazzling brightness.

It seemed as though heaven would bear shining witness to the efficacy of the cross as the power by which our departed brother had been lifted out of darkness into light, out of death into life.

It was a most impressive incident and a striking type. The light of God's saving power does fall on the cross of Calvary, and at the cross is light, and the light of hope and life for all, no matter how lowly or how lost.

The service over, the audience passed by the coffin to take a farewell look at the remains of the honored missionary, nearly two hours being occupied by the sorrowing throng in paying the tribute of respect to the dead.

Next day all that was mortal of the deceased was laid away in Woodlawn Cemetery. There the sacred dust will rest until the archangel's trump shall sound, and those who have fallen asleep in Christ shall rise immortal.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (Ps. xvi. 15). "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

THE END.